





*E. Wright*

THREE LECTURES

ON

BRITISH  
COLONIAL SLAVERY,

DELIVERED IN

The Royal Amphitheatre,

LIVERPOOL,

ON THE EVENINGS OF TUESDAY, AUGUST 28, THURSDAY 30,  
AND THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1832,

BY GEORGE THOMPSON.

LIVERPOOL:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY EGERTON SMITH AND CO. LORD-STREET,  
AND SOLD BY ALL THE PRINCIPAL BOOKSELLERS,

---

1832.

ERRATA.

Page 7, line 15, for "A liberty unseeing" read "A liberty *unseeing*."

Page 10, line 16, for "When Britain's power" read "*Here* Britain's power."

Page 12, line third from bottom, for "I beg you pardon" read "I beg *your* pardon."

Page 26, line 14, for "The work is great and large, &c." read "I am doing a great work,  
so that I cannot come down: why should the work cease whilst I leave it and  
come down to you?"

Page 56, line 6, for "Colone" read "*Colonel*."

E. Wright Jr.

## LECTURE II.

Mr. G. THOMPSON's Second Lecture on the Evils of Colonial Slavery, in reply to Mr. Borthwick's first, was delivered at the Royal Amphitheatre, on Thursday evening, August 30, to an audience as numerous as on the two former evenings; the house being literally crammed from top to bottom. The arena having been boarded over on a level with the stage, in preparation for a public dinner on the following Tuesday, the audience in the pit were not so well accommodated as on the preceding evenings, but on the whole they bore their inconveniences with great patience and good humour, and the lecturer, by mounting on a table, in compliance with their wishes, placed himself within the view of all the spectators. Shortly after half-past six o'clock,

SAMUEL HOPE, Esq. was called to the chair, and briefly but energetically impressed upon the audience the propriety and necessity of preserving good order and decorum during a discussion involving so many important interests, religious, moral, and political; he concluded by intimating that on the following evening, when Mr. Borthwick would reply, the chair would be taken by a gentleman belonging to the West India Association, and by earnestly requesting a patient and attentive hearing for Mr. Borthwick.

Mr. THOMPSON then stood up on the table, and was received with enthusiastic cheering. He spoke nearly in the following terms:—Ladies and Gentlemen,—with your kind permission I will now proceed to deliver a reply to some of the statements made last evening by Mr. Borthwick, who appears in behalf of a body of men whom he pleases to call a calumniated body,—who professes to have in view the ultimate extinction of slavery, and only to differ from me as to the mode in which that object is to be accomplished, and the time when that emancipation is to take place. I will endeavour to-night so far to govern my own feelings,—so far to cherish a spirit of charity towards my opponent, as to say nothing that shall deserve the name of unmerited censure, or may possibly be construed into an offensive personality. You must be well aware, Ladies and Gentlemen, that when called upon to reply to an individual, it is exceedingly difficult to avoid being personal; if you were asked a question it would be difficult to answer it, without being in some degree personal: if you turned yourself round, and directed your answer to some person utterly unconnected with the propounder of the question, you would certainly avoid personality, but you would not be giving a fair and courteous reply. In one sense, therefore, I shall be constrained to be personal, but beyond this I will endeavour not to proceed. (*Applause.*) Not that my opponent has not furnished ample scope for criticism of every description, for I sincerely believe, that never since speeches were first delivered, has there been a speech made so completely vulnerable in all its parts,—so completely disgraceful to the heart, as well as to the head of the man who delivered it, as the speech to which I and many of you listened for upwards of three hours last evening. (*Cries of "Oh, oh!" laughter and applause.*) Now, if I justify not this charge which I have brought against the speech,—for I am accusing the speech,—it is with the speech I have to do,—and while I spare the person of Mr. Borthwick, he must not quarrel with me if I tear that speech limb from limb, and scatter it to the four winds of heaven. (*Applause.*) For the speech is mine: it is given to me, and I am here to-night to analyze it, to anatomize it, and to show whether in that speech can be found any thing like a

sufficient plea for the continuance of West Indian Slavery, or whether it should be denounced as an impious and disgraceful defence of a system, the enormities of which are innumerable, and almost indescribable. (*Cheers.*)

However, to begin at the beginning;—what did Mr. Borthwick do at the commencement? He began with the language of congratulation; he begged to congratulate the meeting; he begged to congratulate the cause which I have the honour to plead to-night; he congratulated himself; and, lastly, he congratulated me on the altered tone which I had adopted the evening before. He said that my speech was all that could be wished for,—moderate, calm, and gentlemanly; and he was so glad that I had at last become calm, courteous, and gentlemanly, that he hardly knew how to express his joy on the occasion. (*Laughter.*) Yet what did he do immediately after all these congratulations? Why, he proceeded, not to deal with my speech of the night before, but with one which I had delivered in Irwell-street Chapel, Manchester; and, like a summer fly in the shambles, he only fixed on such portions of that speech as were objectionable on the score of personality; and on these he rested, whilst at the same time he professed excessive joy and thankfulness on observing my altered tone the evening before. So much for consistency at the onset, and so much for Mr. Borthwick's wish that I should not be personal,—seeing that when I am not personal, he, from paucity of matter I suppose, is forced to go back to a speech to which he had copious opportunity of replying at Salford, and fastens on the very portions of that speech which, he says, contained sentiments that I had most scrupulously avoided the evening before. A good beginning truly! And how did Mr. Borthwick end his speech? Why, by wishing that I, to-night, would deal as gently with him as I dealt the evening before! Why then did not Mr. Borthwick set me the example? He began with congratulation and ended with advice; but the space between, from end to end, was filled up with nothing but constant recurrences to those very portions of my former speech, which, he said, were censurable on the score of personality, and which I am willing to acknowledge were severe, though they were not half so severe as the occasion which called them forth demanded? (*Applause.*) Now what were the circumstances attending that speech? for I may be permitted to vindicate myself against the attack made upon me by a sort of after-clap, when the original contest was at an end. Mr. Borthwick charged me with two heinous offences, the one charging him publicly with the utterance of falsehood, knowing it to be falsehood, and the other with saying that he had made a fool of himself. Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, grant me your kind attention whilst I explain these circumstances. First, Why I said in Irwell-street Chapel, that Mr. Borthwick uttered a falsehood, and knew it to be a falsehood. Mr. Borthwick, in the Town hall, the week before, made this assertion;—"that the happiest of the happy in the free colony of Sierra Leone were more miserable than the most miserable slave that breathed in the Islands of the West Indies; and that the most abject, wretched slave in any British colony was more happy than the most happy and most joyous of the free community of negroes in the colony of Sierra Leone." Is not that assertion on the very face of it a falsehood? (*Loud cries of "Yes, yes," "No, no," and disapprobation.*) The most happy freeman in Sierra Leone more miserable than the most miserable slave in the West Indies! That assertion, I say it again, needs no contradiction, though it shall have it. Mr. Borthwick, to your heart's content. I say the assertion is false on the very face of it; though an archangel should utter it, I say that it is false, because it is contrary to the constitution of human nature;—it is contrary to universal history;—it is contrary to duly observation and experience. If Mr. Borthwick will renounce all pretensions to common sense,—if he will declare himself an idiot, or a madman, then I may confess that he uttered what he did not know to be a falsehood; but whilst he claims an atom of common sense, observation, or experience, I will follow up the charge that it is not only a falsehood, but that he knows it to be a falsehood. (*Hisses and cheers.*)

As to my other offence, that of charging him with folly in the speech to which he was then professing to deliver a reply,—I had alluded to a frightful falling off in the population of our various slave dependencies, and I proved it from documentary evidence, which Mr. Borthwick's assertion has not, cannot invalidate,—for will he pretend to place his *assertion* against *parliamentary papers*, compiled from statistical returns from the islands, furnished on the oaths of the planters themselves? If he does, he is charging every one of the planters with perjury, in returning false accounts. (*Cries of "No, no."*) I say that the document I quoted was compiled from returns made in the colonies on the oaths of the planters, and, if Mr. Borthwick says those returns are not true, he, their advocate, charges them, publicly and deliberately, with perjury. (*Hisses and applause.*) If one parliamentary document cannot be relied on, how can another? if we have no security in the past, even on the oaths of men, where shall we look for safety for the future? When Mr. Borthwick came to that part of my speech in which I spoke of a decrease of 52,000 slaves in ten years and a half, he said, "Does not Mr. Thompson know that manumissions are continually going on, and that this may account for the decrease?" I said, it does not, Mr. Borthwick, for every manumission was subtracted, and mine was the nett decrease. (*Applause.*) I told him that Mr. Buxton, under every individual colony, had deducted every manumission that had been granted, according to the returns of these same planters; and I said that if a man came forward to impugn statements thus prepared by such silly assertions, he ought to complain of those who had furnished him with such inaccurate documents, or consider himself as being made a fool of before the world. Now remember the circumstances under which I stood at that hour. What had Mr. Borthwick told me the night before? He told me, and the meeting too, that he came there by mere accident, wishing to be convinced, if he could be convinced,—though I had at that very time a letter in my pocket warning me of his approach, and a special messenger present who had come to inform me of his arrival; and yet he came merely by accident—merely to be convinced. (*A laugh.*) Then he afterwards told me that he was paid to follow me from place to place, like my "evil genius;" his very words. (*Applause and hisses.*) My friends say that I was personal; but was it not personal to say that he would follow me from place to place like my evil genius? (*Cries of "Question, question."*) This is the question. (*"Read the letter."*) I need not read the letter. (*Groans and laughter.*) I have not got the letter here. (*Great uproar.*)

The CHAIRMAN said that he saw several persons who were most active in commencing clamour and interruptions, but should be most sorry to have to point out those individuals.

Mr. THOMPSON, in continuation.—The letter I alluded to I produced at that meeting, and read an extract containing the announcement of Mr. Borthwick's approach, and the object of his mission; and I believe that Mr. Borthwick himself, so far from contradicting me, will bear me out in the declaration that I do not allude to a letter which has no existence. It was under these circumstances that I spoke, and, if I was warm on the subject, was it not sufficient to warm me to be told, when in the prosecution of a good work, that I should be followed about from place to place as by an "evil genius?"—a prophecy which has been in part fulfilled, after having been informed by Mr. Borthwick that he came by accident, merely to be convinced. Was it strange that I should be warm after hearing such contradictory assertions, and being the subject of such a threat?

Before passing from these rather irrelevant observations, allow me to make one further remark on the proceedings of last night, with reference to my own conduct on that occasion. I called out "No," because there was a statement regarding a matter of fact personally affecting my own character and veracity, made before 3000 persons, many hundreds of whom, perhaps, would not have an opportunity the following evening of hearing a true statement of the case, or



whose minds, therefore, an impression to my prejudice would have been produced, if the assertion had been passed by without contradiction. It was said by Mr. Borthwick that he gave me a challenge in Manchester, and that I declined it: I never did decline that challenge; I was rather anxious to accept it; but knowing the object that Mr. Borthwick had in view, viz. to circumvent my design—to prevent my fulfilling my pledge to go here and there, rousing the public attention to this question, (and I have gone here and there, at the sacrifice of health, almost of life,) was I to remain at Manchester, and at a particular time accept the challenge of Mr. Borthwick, leaving the object of my mission in part unaccomplished? I am at any time ready to defend the positions I occupy, and I will defend them until they are successfully destroyed; but I am not bound to accept a particular challenge from Mr. Borthwick. I may say with Nehemiah, “The work is great and large, and we are repaired upon the wall, one far from another. In what place, therefore, ye hear the sound of the trumpet, resort ye thither unto us; our God shall fight for us.” I cannot be delayed by matters of minor importance, when I have proved to ninety-nine out of every hundred of my hearers, that colonial slavery is a crime in the sight of God: and, therefore, that the negro ought to go free, and the bonds to fall from the limbs of the oppressed. (*Applause and disapprobation.*)

Now for Mr. Borthwick's reply. Mr. Borthwick said he should proceed to show, 1st, that the immediate abolition of colonial slavery was *impracticable*;—2dly, that it would be *dangerous* if it were practicable;—3dly, that it would be *immoral*; and 4thly, that it would be *sinful*. We shall see the worth of these propositions by-and-by. He then went through my list of the evils of colonial slavery. I shall just recapitulate those evils, merely enumerating them for Mr. Borthwick's benefit on a future occasion. I said first,—and I have obliterated not a syllable, as I mean to maintain every one of these propositions, and I defy Mr. Borthwick, with the West India body at his back, to drive me from one of them,—I said first, that colonial slavery curses the soil;—2ndly, that it dooms the infant to perpetual bondage;—3dly, that it depresses the body with more than ordinary labour, whilst it withholds from the mind the ordinary motives to labour;—4thly, that it dooms the slave to all kinds of temporary suffering, scars, sores, chains, collars, mutilations, dungeons, disease, blows, insults, scorn, nakedness, seizure, and imprisonment; every one of these propositions I am prepared to defend and prove, whenever they may be disputed. I then said that slavery was depopulating the West Indian colonies, and who is so hardy as to deny the truth of that assertion? That whilst the free black population was increasing so fast as to double itself in twenty years, a greater rate of increase than was almost ever known, the black population in a state of slavery were falling off so fast, as in fifty years to become nearly extinct, though the two classes are of the same race, treading the same soil, drinking from the same fountain, living nearly on the same food, and following, in many instances, the same occupations, and yet one of those classes, because they are in a state of slavery—because they are under the *kind* care of those masters whom Mr. Borthwick attempts almost to deify, are falling off so fast as in fifty years to become almost extinct. I ask you is this not a fact to produce the most serious influence on your minds? (*Hear, hear.*) I ask pity for the slaves who are dying off in greater numbers, and at a faster rate than your neighbours and countrymen from the dreadful pestilence which is scourging the land; and I ask, have we not here an imperative—an irrefutable argument why we should be instant and pressing in the work of negro emancipation? (*Applause.*)

Again: I said there was an inequality of law and of right in the colonies; this I am prepared to defend, and will prove, to-night. I alluded to the mode of administering justice: I said that it was not only defective but unconstitutional and unjust. There is, in fact, no justice in the colonies; there is a show of justice indeed, there may be something bearing the appearance of justice in the



written laws ; but if those laws have no "executory principle," they are merely laws to delude the people of England, and not to benefit the slave population of the West Indies. I next alluded to the great difficulty the slave experienced in obtaining any measure of redress for injuries received, even that redress which is promised in these defective laws ; this I shall show from the inadmissibility of slave evidence. I next spoke of the inveterate distinction of caste produced by slavery. Mr. Borthwick did not seem to understand this ; but as I believe every body else understands it, I shall not try to explain it to him, at the waste of your valuable time. I next said that ignorance in its most dreadful form was fostered wherever slavery existed ; that slavery produces loss of self-respect on the part of the slave ; and pride, arrogance, and love of arbitrary power on the part of the master,—stimulating the one to rebellion and resistance, and depriving the other of that refinement of feeling which justice and humanity would otherwise teach to him. I said that slavery produced promiscuous intercourse. Again, I described general licentiousness as one of the evils of slavery ; does he deny it ? Shall I uplift the curtain which veils the picture from your eyes ? If I am to do so, let him get me an audience of males only, and then, if I do not tear the veil even from the eyes of absentee slave-proprietors in England, on proof furnished by the planters themselves, let me be branded as a quack, and let Mr. Borthwick triumph over me. (*Applause and disapprobation.*) Does not Mr. Borthwick know that in almost every house in Jamaica, almost every man, from the book-keeper upwards, has his concubine ? Does he not know that the marriage of a white man with a negress,—nay, with a person having the least tinge of negro blood in her veins,—would entail upon that white man almost entire expulsion from civilized society ? Need I offer proof here ? Let more than one colonial writer, whose works are now on this table, refute Mr. Borthwick, and display his ignorance to the world. (*Applause and hisses.*)

I said that in the colonies there was a general disregard of religion, and that, as a natural consequence of that disregard for religion, there was a general desecration of the Sabbath. Neither position has been touched by Mr. Borthwick. I next alluded to the continual hostility, (I never said enmity,) which must exist between Great Britain and the colonies, whilst *freedom* reigned *here*, and *slavery* was dominant *there*. Do the West India body think that they will be able to drive back the tide of humanity now set in, and prevent it from sweeping away the foundations of the system, and so destroying the horrid fabric for ever ? (*Cheers and hisses.*) I said that one of the evils of slavery was insecurity, and who does not know that slavery is the most precarious foundation on which any state of society can be built ? With all Mr. Borthwick's pretended knowledge, will he deny what is known to every man who has studied the history of the world ? I then alluded to the expensiveness of slavery, the cowardice of slavery, the meanness of slavery, and Mr. Borthwick gave me no reply on these subjects. His answer invariably was, "By-and-by," "by-and-by." (*Laughter.*) At half-past six his answer was "by-and-by ;" at seven it was "by-and-by ;" eight o'clock came, half-past eight, the answer was still "by-and-by." (*Laughter, cheers, and hisses.*) What, shall I be hissed ? (*Renewed hissing.*) Gentlemen, if you are gentlemen, (*laughter and applause,*) shall I be hissed when I quote the words of your own champion ? If it is Mr. Borthwick you are hissing, I pause till you have done ; hiss again. (*Laughter.*) The words are not mine. Nine o'clock came, still the answer was "by-and-by ;" at half-past nine I looked at my watch, and again the words "by-and-by" fell upon my ear. By-and-by still ? thought I ; what, in the absence of night caps ? (*Laughter.*) "The witching hour of night" will soon be here ; darkness will come again, and then Mr. Borthwick will be preaching to us whilst we are snoring on the benches. (*Laughter.*) I'll notice this again, "by-and-by." In speaking of the cowardice of negro slavery, I observed that we never enslaved

the wise, we never enslaved the strong, we never enslaved the revengeful, no, we looked abroad on the families of the earth, and we fixed on the wretched descendants of Cush, Messaim, and Phul,—we found them more feeble and ignorant, more teachable as servants, more submissive to the yoke, more attached by acts of kindness, than the rest of mankind, and we singled them out, and made them slaves: these are the qualities of mind and body that made them our victims; these are the qualities which enable us still to keep them in bondage; and these are the qualities which give Mr. Borthwick an advantage over them, which he would not have over the New Zealander, the North American, or any other inhabitant of the world. (*Cheers.*) I talked of the meanness of slavery; I said it was a mean and despicable system; but to that, too, Mr. Borthwick came “by-and-by,” or *was* to have come, for he did not touch upon it. I spoke of the selfishness of slavery, I described it as a system of monopoly from the beginning to the end; and what said Mr. Brougham on the monopoly of freedom, when he stood before the electors of York? Remember what he said, when alluding to the monopoly of freedom; he described it as the foulest monopoly on the face of the earth, and he said besides, “If you place in my hands the sacred trust of representing you in the Commons House of Parliament, you arm me with power to complete the good work which we have begun together; nor will I rest from my labours until, by the blessing of God, I have seen an end of the abuses which bind England to the ground, and the mists dispersed from the eyes of the ignorant, and the chains drop from the hands of the slave.” (*Loud cheers.*) I spoke of the impiety of slavery, and Mr. Borthwick attempted to do away with the charge; he tried to ascend to the throne of the Eternal, and penetrate into his councils, and pleaded the sanction of Heaven for our adhering to a vile and wicked system, which cannot be charged on the Bible, whatever Mr. Borthwick may say to the contrary. (*Applause.*) That book does not avail the advocate of slavery; it registers no curse against the sons of Ham,—it opens to them, as well as to us, the path to the immortal happiness of heaven, a happiness to obtain which Mr. Borthwick must have more charity, and more love for the men whom he seeks to exclude from the mercy of Almighty God. (*Applause.*) I spoke of the guilt of slavery, and Mr. Borthwick never said a word about it either then or “by-and-by.”

Now for the proof of some of the positions which I took, and which Mr. Borthwick endeavoured to controvert. I said that slavery cursed the soil, and Mr. Borthwick would not understand me. He said, “Why should you contend that slavery cursed the soil whilst dwelling on the evils of colonial slavery, when it is notorious that excessive cultivation produces the same effects every where?” My argument was that slavery led to excessive cultivation, and so cursed the soil, and that the abolition of slavery would prevent over cultivation. That a constant succession of ripe crops taken from the earth destroyed its productive qualities, and that the system of slavery thus operated in our colonies. I shall now give you the authority of a greater man than either Mr. Thompson or Mr. Borthwick on this subject, that of John Jeremie, Esq., late First President of the island of St. Lucie, and author of four essays on colonial slavery. This I shall request my friend Mr. Baldwin to read for you.

Mr. BALDWIN then mounted the table, and proceeded to read the quotation referred to. On commencing he spoke in a rather low tone of voice, and there were loud cries of “Speak up, speak up.” On this Mr. Baldwin observed, “I will speak louder by-and-by. We can’t get the steam up all at once, you know.” (*Laughter.*) He then read the following extract from the work of Mr. Jeremie:—

“With reference to the life of the slave; during the continuance of the slave trade, and now at Martinique, if a newly purchased slave lasted five years, the speculation was a good one. In thirteen years the whole labouring population was said to be renewed, whilst, in all the Duke of Wellington’s continental wars, commencing

with his landing in Spain, and concluding with Waterloo, the killed in action, it is said, did not amount to one-fifth of the number systematically consumed, since the peace, in the small island of Martinique. Nor do they equal half the decrease in our colonies within the last ten years. Now reckon the number of slaves in the British colonies, the number of them in the United States, (possessions formerly British,) and the length of time this wholesale consumption of human life has been carrying on, and judge of the fearful responsibility that attaches to this nation. And, for what? to change the very face of nature. Columbus, and the earlier navigators, have described these olden colonies as they stood clothed in the most brilliant verdure; they are now arid, parched, and exhausted. Cultivation elsewhere converts deserts into gardens; here, gardens into a desert."

MR. THOMPSON.—Ladies and Gentlemen, "by-and-by," perhaps, we shall have a contradiction to John Jeremie, Esq. With regard to Mr. Borthwick's statement in reference to one of the evils which I named, namely, that slavery was the cause of the slave trade, my position was that slavery gave birth to the slave trade, and I proved it thus:—When these islands were first discovered by the Spaniards, they were swarming with inhabitants; those inhabitants were enslaved, and ultimately exterminated, in consequence of the rigorous treatment to which they were subjected; though, if it could be shown that but one of the aborigines remained, Mr. Borthwick, I suppose, would attempt to prove that the depopulation was all exceedingly natural, and that that one man would re-people the islands "by-and-by." (*Laughter.*) Be this as it may, after the aborigines were perfectly exterminated, recourse was had to the western shores of Africa to keep up the system of slavery thus begun on the islands of the West Indies; the slave trade thus commenced; that slave trade still continues, and it is continued exclusively because the system of slavery still exists. (*Applause.*) I grant to Mr. Borthwick that the slave trade is now carried on by the Spaniards and Brazilians, not by the West Indian planters; but it still makes for my position, that slavery is the cause of the slave trade; for if there were no *slavery* in the Spanish dominions; if there were no *slavery* in the Brazilian dominions, or any where else, there would be no *slave trade*. (*Loud applause.*) It is the demand which creates the supply; for however this maxim may be disputed in political economy at home, it will not be disputed in reference to the slave trade by any man claiming common sense and reason. (*Hear, hear.*) Mr. Borthwick attempted to justify the retaining of infants in bondage. Oh! if this be the advocacy of Mr. Borthwick, I blush for those whose cause he pleads. You remember, Ladies and Gentlemen, what I said about the dooming of infants yet unborn to everlasting slavery;—how did Mr. Borthwick get over this? Why, by saying that in every condition of society the child was born to the condition of its parents. Oh, shame! Mr. Borthwick, shame! to entail upon millions of infants interminable slavery because you find it is a general rule of society that the infant should be born to the condition of the parent! What! shall this be pleaded in the Liverpool Amphitheatre, in the year 1832, as a reason why unoffending, innocent infants should be sacrificed before the demon Slavery? Shall this be pleaded and allowed? I trust that it will not; but, however this be, I say it is an evil that the sins of the father and mother, if there were any sins on their part which reduced them to bondage, should thus be visited on the heads of their children, in opposition to the designs of the Almighty respecting them; and I claim for every infant born within the British dominions that liberty which is the undeniable birthright even of the most abject of the children of men, wherever justice, religion, and humanity prevail. (*Loud applause.*)

Now, as an exemplification of the torments endured by African slaves, whose children are torn from them, a subject which Mr. Borthwick tried to glide over as he best might, I shall quote an anecdote told by the Rev. Mr. Gilgrass, formerly a missionary on the island of Jamaica. Mr. Borthwick was under a mistake when he said that the Sabbath was rigidly secured to the slaves, and here is a proof of it. Mr. Gilgrass says, (*Cries of "Name, name,"—"date, date."*)

The name of the missionary is Gilgrass, as I have already told you, and I am quoting from the Rev. Richard Watson's "Defence of the Wesleyan Missions," written because the West Indian planters had most unjustly attacked them. (*Applause and hisses.*) Mr. Gilgrass says,

"A master of slaves, who lived near us in Kingston, Jamaica, exercised his barbarities on a Sabbath morning, while we were worshipping God in the chapel, and the cries of the female sufferers have frequently interrupted us in our devotions. But there was no redress for them or for us. This man wanted money; and one of the female slaves having two fine children he sold one of them, and the child was torn from her maternal affection. In the agony of her feelings she made a hideous howling, and for that crime was flogged. Soon after he sold her other child. This 'turned her heart within her,' and compelled her into a kind of madness. She howled night and day in the yard, tore her hair, ran up and down the streets and the parade, rending the heavens with her cries, and literally watering the earth with her tears. Her constant cry was, '*Da wicked Massa, he sell me children. Will no wicked Massa pity nega? What me do? Me have no child.*' As she stood before my window, she said, '*My Massa, lifting up her hands towards heaven, 'do, me Massa Minister, pity me? Me heart do so;'* (shaking herself violently,) '*me heart do so, because me have no child; me go a Massa house, in Massa yard, and in me hut, and me no see em;* and then her cry went up to God. I durst not be seen looking at her."

This, be it observed, was one of the men whom, according to Mr. Borthwick, the planters *protect*; whom the planters *cherish*, and even "*stop the mill for them to teach the slave*;" and yet this missionary says, beholding the wretched state of the unhappy mother, "*I dared not be seen looking at her.*" Now for another of these missionaries, whom the planters cherish: I allude to the testimony of the Rev. Thomas Pennock, related in the same pamphlet to which I have already referred, written by Mr. Watson, a few years ago. Mr. Pennock, says,

"A few years ago it was enacted that it should not be legal to transport once established slaves from one island to another; and a gentleman owner finding it advisable to do so before the act came in force, the removal of great part of his live stock was the consequence. He had a female slave, highly valuable to him, (and not the less so for being the mother of eight or nine children,) whose husband was the property of another resident on the island, where I happened to be at the time. Their masters not agreeing on a sale, separation ensued, and I went to the beach to be an eye-witness of their behaviour in the greatest pang of all. One by one the man kissed his children, with the firmness of a hero, and blessing them, gave as his last words,—(oh! will it be believed, and have no influence upon our veneration for the negro?) "*Farewell, be honest and obedient to your master!*" At length he had to take leave of his wife; there he stood, (I have him in my mind's eye at this moment,) five or six yards from the mother of his children, unable to move, speak, or do any thing but gaze, and still to gaze on the object of his long affection, soon to cross the blue wave for ever from his aching sight. The fire of his eyes, alone, gave indication of the passion within, until, after some minutes' standing thus, he fell senseless on the sand, as if suddenly struck down by the hand of the Almighty; nature could do more; the blood gushed from his nostrils and mouth, as if rushing from the terrors of the conflict within; and amid the confusion occasioned by the circumstance the vessel bore off his family for ever from the island! After some days he recovered and came to ask advice of me! What could an Englishman do in such a case? I felt the blood boiling within me, but I conquered; I brow-beat my own manhood, and gave him the humblest advice I could afford."

These are the children who are, according to Mr. Borthwick, righteously doomed to slavery, because it is a general condition of society that the state of the father and mother shall be the state of the infant also. I deny the righteousness of this doom. I say, as Mr. Borthwick said in denouncing the slave trade, as he did in terms than which none could be more proper,—I say that dooming the harmless infant to slavery is diabolical and impious, and one of the foulest crimes which disgrace the character of Englishmen. (*Cheers and disapprobation.*)

And now for the Jamaica slave code, the only enactment touching the separation of families. It is found in the fifth clause of the consolidated slave code, passed by the House of Assembly, in January, 1831, and it is the climax of



West Indian justice, the embodiment of West Indian equity, the complete quintessence of West Indian legislation. And what is the humanity of British legislators in the West Indies, relative to the separation of families? Hear for yourselves:

"And, whereas, by the ninth section of the eighth George the Second, chapter fifth, it is enacted, 'That whenever hereafter any slave or slaves, taken on any writ of venditioni, shall be exposed to sale, the provost-marshal, or his deputies respectively, shall sell all such slaves singly, unless in case of families, in which case, and no other, the said provost-marshal, or any of his deputies, may set-up to sale such family or families, consisting of a man and his wife, or reputed wife, his or their children.' And whereas it seems necessary further to enforce this provision; he it therefore enacted by the authority aforesaid, that in all cases where a levy shall be made by any deputy-marshal or collecting constable of a family or families, each family shall be sold together, and in one lot: *Provided always, that nothing in this act contained shall be understood to interfere with levies on individual slaves, nor be construed to authorize excessive levies.*"

So that if a master only owed £40, the marshal might go, seize a mother, a father, or a child, and separate the nearest ties, to satisfy the demand of a creditor. It is only when whole families are seized that the *marshal* is forbidden to sell them separately: in all other cases he may take a man here, a woman there, and burst asunder the nearest and dearest relations of life: but the *master*,—the master, mind, may sell the wife from the husband, or the husband from the wife, and there is no law in Jamaica to prevent him; he may sell the mother from the infant that lies upon her bosom, and there is no law in Jamaica to prevent him; he may sell the brother from the sister, the sister from her brethren, the child from its parents, and there is no law in Jamaica to prevent him; and there it is only when the marshal makes a levy on a *whole* family collectively. (*Hear, hear, hear.*) I trust, my friends, you will allow that there is no *serpentineing* in the way I go about my business; no surreptitious, disallowed slave codes, things in the shape of parliamentary papers, 'got up and palmed upon the Government, and afterwards disclaimed by the Colonial Secretary. (*Applause.*)

Then with regard to the labour of the slave, and the motives which he has to labour: and here I come to a very weak part of Mr. Borthwick's speech, a very cruel part of Mr. Borthwick's speech, a heartless part of Mr. Borthwick's speech, an inhuman part of Mr. Borthwick's speech; and when you hear the sentiment which I am going to quote you will admit with me that it was most weak, cruel, heartless, and inhuman. What was it that I said? I said that the slaves wanted the ordinary motives to labour, and Mr. Borthwick would not allow the justice of my appeal to our own country, when I stopped the ploughman on his way to labour, asked him why he was hastening so cheerfully to his daily toil, and made him speak out his motives, and you, by your approbation, testified that those motives were natural and laudable, that they were, in fact, sufficient. Was not that the case? (*"Yes, yes."*) Now hear the advocate of the gradual abolition of colonial slavery; *he* will prove that the slave has *double* motives to labour. First he will labour for his master, and then that he may get his own freedom and that of his wife and children. Was not that *cruel*, was not that *heartless*, was not that *inhuman*? (*Loud applause.*) Let us see the slave weeping over a furrow in the field of his daily and uncompensated toil, and ask him "Why do you weep?"—"Why do I weep!" exclaims he, "You would weep under the same circumstances; you would weep, too, were you kept here to toil from day to day, with the lash at your back, and see no end to your misery!" (*Hear hear.*) And, Mr. Borthwick, I have here a letter from one of those witnesses of the fact, to whom you appeal, and I shall read it for your benefit. (*Cries of "Name, date, date."*) Be kind enough to wait a little and you shall have both name and date; and in order to render you more patient for the rest of the evening, I assure you that I shall give you names, dates, and every particular, respecting every document which I may have occasion to read. The letter is ad-

dressed to George Thompson, and dated Liverpool, August 30, 1832, and is as follows:—

" Liverpool, August 30, 1832.

" Sir,—Allow me just to give you a hint that may serve the noble cause in which you are engaged.

" In the spring of 1816 I was lying at Demerara, in the stream opposite my merchants, who had, near the shore, a cooper's shop, where I sometimes had business, and at other times retreated from the sun; on one of those occasions a cooper at work said something that irritated a degree of dissatisfaction; I said to him, 'Tom, I do think that you have one of the very best of masters;' he answered me by observing, 'Sir, I will admit all that you can say of the goodness of my master, but, Sir, (said he,) how would you like to walk round this cask and others as long as ever you lived, without even a chance of altering or amending your situation?' Tom's appeal was too close and striking to admit of reply from me.

" Your most obedient humble servant,

" To George Thompson, Esq."

" ANTHONY LANDERS.

" P.S.—I have not time to write more, but Mr. James Cropper, sen. has a long letter of mine on the subject. I will endeavour to get it for you."

Now, Mr. Borthwick, tell me how you would like to march round and round this cask? (*Hear, hear, and applause.*) I will give you a wider circuit, Mr. Borthwick. How would you like to be compelled to march round and round this Amphitheatre? (*Cheers and hisses.*) Yes, you may hiss; but what sentiment is it that you are hissing? This man did not like slavery; do you like slavery? (*Hisses and cheers.*) It was a noble thought, though he had been walking round the Colosseum at Rome,—though he had been walking round the globe itself,—it was a noble thought to wish to be free as the lark that soars to heaven. (*Cheers.*) Now for the name of the gentleman who tells this affecting anecdote—it is ANTHONY LANDERS. (*Hear, hear.*)

I now come back to Mr. Borthwick's inhumanity in saying that the slave has double motives to labour. I ask what motive the slave has to labour in the field for his master? and I say again, the whip—the whip only. Mr. Stephen, in his admirable work on the state of the colonies, shows, from parliamentary papers and documents furnished by the planters themselves, that, in Jamaica, the slave is compelled to labour, on an average throughout the year, sixteen hours and forty minutes per day. [An individual in the boxes here exclaimed, "The day is not quite so long as that."] Does the gentleman who interrupts me forget that there is night work as well as day work in the West Indies? (*Hear, hear, and loud cheers.*) Does he forget crop time, when the slaves are compelled to labour in the sugar-house during the greater part of the night, as well as by day? (*Hear, hear.*) Mr. Stephens has shown that, on the sugar islands, the slaves labour, all the year round, sixteen hours and forty minutes daily. Day, in the ordinary sense of the word, means twenty-four hours; and I have a right to call that "daily labour" when, as it often happens, (but as it ought never to happen,) midnight comes, and the morning blushes ere the labour of the previous day is done. (*Applause.*) The allowance to the negroes on the foreign-fed colonies is eight pints of unground corn and six salt herrings per week; and with this allowance, after his daily labour of sixteen hours and forty minutes, we are told that the slave has double motives to labour, first for his master, and then that he may procure his own freedom and that of his family. I will not longer dwell on this part of Mr. Borthwick's speech; but I again say, and I will not shrink from the word, that it was heartless, cruel, and inhuman. (*Cries of "So it is." "Prove it."*) Some gentleman says it is not; I say to that gentleman, Place yourself in the condition of the slave, and ask your conscience, if you have any; I am content to abide by the answer it shall give. (*Applause.*)

Mr. Borthwick denies the sufferings of the slaves to be an evil, and says that brands, whips, collars, and chains are all chimeras; we will now see whether they are chimeras or not. Does he say that brandings are chimeras? Then I refer him to a statement in a Jamaica paper now on this table, to the effect that, at



that moment, 100 slaves were walking the streets with from two to eight brand marks upon their bodies. Does he know how runaway negroes are described in these papers? Does he know that they are described by lashes, by flogging marks, by the loss of eyes, teeth, fingers, and toes; by leprosy, by lacerations, by yaws—every thing that can torment the human body and deform it? (*Hear, hear.*) I challenge Mr. Borthwick to select from any part of the United Kingdom, from amongst persons doomed to labour, an equal number in the condition of the slaves described in these advertisements.

With regard to the statement in the *Christian Record* of October, 1830, a monthly periodical published in Jamaica, it was known to be true, throughout the whole of Jamaica, that five slaves were apprehended for trespassing on Mr. Wildman's estate and picking grass; and what did Mr. Wildman do? I do not speak of him as personally engaged in the business, but through the medium of a benevolent manager, named Taylor, they were taken to a slave protector, having previously declared that there was no grass on their mistress's estate, and that she had sent them to pluck some on the adjoining plantations. Perhaps the slave-protector did not know whether this was true or not; the mistress knew it nevertheless, for she had forced the slaves to leave her plantation, to go out and bring home a certain quantity of grass daily, and, therefore, she forced them to pilfer from the adjoining estates; and what did this slave-protector do? Did he send for the lady? No. Did he pity the slaves? No. Did he reprimand the lady? No. Did he send the slaves back to her? No. He inflicted on them a most severe punishment; and Mr. Baldwin will now have the kindness to read to you a description of what that punishment was.

Mr. BALDWIN then mounted the table, and read the following passage from the *Christian Record*:

"A female, apparently about 22 years of age, was then laid down, with her face downwards; her wrists were secured by cords run into nooses; her ankles were brought together and placed in another noose; the cord composing this last one, passed through a block connected with a post. The cord was tightened, and the young woman was thus stretched to her utmost length. A female then advanced and raised her clothes towards her head, leaving the person indecently exposed. The boatswain of the Workhouse, a tall athletic man, flourished his whip four or five times round his head, and proceeded with the punishment. The instrument of punishment was a cat, formed of knotted cords: the blood sprang from the wounds it inflicted; the poor creature shrieked in agony, and exclaimed 'I don't deserve this!' She became hysterical, and continued so until the punishment was completed. Four other delinquents were successively treated in the same way. One was a woman about 36 years of age; another, a girl of 15; another, a boy of the same age; and, lastly, an old woman about 60, who really appeared scarcely to have any strength to express her agonies by cries. The boy of 15, as our informant subsequently ascertained, was the son of the woman of 36! She was indecently exposed, and cruelly flogged in the presence of her son; and then had the additional pain to see him also exposed, and made to writhe under the lash!

"It is to be observed, to complete the hideous but faithful picture of the system of slave government, presented to us by the narrative of this transaction, that these unfortunates received this punishment for an offence which their owner (it was strongly suspected) had compelled them to commit, and that, too, under the terror of the lash; a circumstance accounting for the cry, 'I don't deserve this!'"—*Christian Record*, No. 11, pp. 81, 82.

Mr. THOMPSON.—Ladies and Gentlemen, you shall now have the testimony of Mr. Jeremie, on the subject of West Indian slavery; but first let me tell you who Mr. Jeremie was. Mr. Jeremie, in the year 1823, was an advocate in the royal court of Guernsey, and then received an invitation to go out to one of the colonies in a high judicial capacity; the invitation was afterwards renewed and accepted, and finally, in the year 1824, Mr. Jeremie went out to St. Lucia, and became the Chief Judge of the island. It ought not to be disguised from you, that before Mr. Jeremie went out to the West Indies, he knew nothing whatever on the subject of colonial slavery. He himself acknowledges this in the work which I hold in my hand. Before Mr. Jeremie left London for St. Lucia, he attended an Anti-slavery meeting, listened to the speeches, and heard

arguments and facts brought before the meeting. The cruelties there related were so atrocious, that he thought they could either have no existence, or were most grossly exaggerated; he, therefore, thought that the conclusions drawn from those facts were erroneous, and he left that meeting rather prejudiced than otherwise against the principles and objects of the Anti-slavery Society. He went out with these prejudices to St. Lucia, and remained there three years before he was fully acquainted with the workings of the system. Now, Mr. Coleridge travelled through all the islands in six months, a tolerable sort of railroad travelling you will admit, and yet Mr. Coleridge, from this cursory inspection, thinks himself qualified to write a book, to give his opinion of slavery, and also on the character, operations, and motives of the Anti-slavery Society. Mr. Jeremie was three years on the island of St. Lucia, with ten thousand times greater facilities for ascertaining the real character of slavery, than ever Mr. Coleridge possessed, and it was three years before he came to a fixed and unalterable opinion on the subject. Now, what were the facts that induced Mr. Jeremie to change the opinion he had formerly entertained? When he came to reside on the island of St. Lucia, on examining the slave code, he found that the whip was the only stimulus to labour. Speaking of the whip, Ladies and Gentlemen, I shall not forget the calf of Mr. Borthwick's leg; I think he must have had calf higher when he made such a proposition. (*Laughter.*) Mr. Jeremie found that the law sanctioned the whip as a stimulus to labour in the field, and that there were other portions of that law of the most cruel and sanguinary character. He, therefore, resolved to draw up a new slave code, which was transmitted to the parent Government, and approved and sent back to become the law of the island. When the new law was promulgated, almost every white man in the island arrayed himself against it, and told Mr. Jeremie that the order and security of the country, and, will you believe it? the *welfare* and *comfort* of the negroes themselves depended on the whip. I see around me in this amphitheatre several blacks; I am glad to see them; I call upon them as men and brethren, and I ask that man, and that man, and that man, (pointing to different parts of the house,) whether the whip is essential to his comfort, and whether, seeing that we have no whips in England, he is about to sail back to Jamaica, in order that he may again taste the comforts and the sweets of slavery? (*Applause.*) However, notwithstanding the predilection of the planters for it, Mr. Jeremie was determined to try the experiment of abolishing the use of the whip. Mr. Jeremie says, that scarcely was this new law promulgated, when a slave came before him with a collar riveted round his neck, from which projected three prongs ten inches in length, attached to a chain reaching to fetters round his legs, (here is a delightful specimen of Mr. Borthwick's chimeras, here are collars, chains, and fetters altogether,) his back and limbs were wealed from neck to foot, and he said that he had been kept in that state for several months; and, on inquiry, Mr. Jeremie found that the man had not been convicted of any crime, nor even charged with any crime, but was fettered thus solely to prevent his running away. (*Cries of "Prove it, prove it," from the boxes and other parts of the house.*) Prove it, Mr. Jeremie! I quote from his "four Essays on Colonial Slavery," which may be had for 3s. 6d., the price for a seat in the boxes, where you are now sitting gratuitously, and which it would be worth your while to buy. (*Laughter.*) I prove it by giving the name of the pamphlet, and the name of the gentleman who wrote it, and who has now gone out to the island of Mauritius in a still higher capacity than that which he held at St. Lucia. (*Hear, hear.*) The pamphlet has now been published twelve months; it has been reviewed in the *Edinburgh* and *Westminster Reviews*, the *Times*, and almost all the liberal periodical publications of the day; but *Blackwood* has been silent; the *Quarterly* has been silent; *Fraser* silent; *Macqueen* silent; the *Morning Post* silent; all silent on the subject. (*Loud cheers.*) Now, instead of ridiculing me, instead of ridiculing Mr. Baxton, instead of pulling us to pieces, here was a noble

quarry? Here was Mr. Jeremie, a Chief Justice, with a book full of cruelties! Why not attack him, Mr. Blackwood? Why not attack him, Mr. Macqueen? Why not attack Mr. Jeremie, ye host of scribes that write before or behind the curtain, in magazines, newspapers, &c. &c.? (*Loud applause.*) Those gentlemen who hiss and interrupt me, by calling out for proof, will now see that they had better "*let me gang my ain gait.*" (*Cheers and laughter.*)

Mr. Jeremie, seeing the condition of this man, thought it might be a solitary instance of cruelty; he determined to make inquiry: what, therefore, did he do? He appointed a commission of three gentlemen of the island,—I beseech you to hear this,—he appointed three gentlemen of *reputed humanity*, and two magistrates residing in the immediate vicinity of the estate to which the negro belonged, to go down as a commission to inquire into the truth of his statement, and give a faithful report of what they saw and heard. The commission accordingly went down, and what did these five gentlemen of "*reputed humanity*" say? Their report was,—hear it my friends! their report was, "that the estate was well managed, and all its arrangements very good." Mr. Jeremie thought it exceedingly strange that, if the estate were well managed, and all its arrangements very good, a man should have escaped from it, wealed from head to foot, with a spiked collar round his neck, and chains round his ankles, and all this only because he was suspected of running away. Mr. Jeremie, therefore, set another inquiry on foot; and how did that issue? Why, on this estate, this *well managed estate*, all the arrangements of which were *very good*, three other slaves were found wealed, fettered, and chained, in the same manner; and an old woman in a dungeon, covered with scars, and bowed down with manacles, in which state she had been "*kept for two years!*" (*Expressions of horror, and cries of "Prove it."*) Prove it? Mr. Jeremie! Mr. Jeremie also discovered something else; he found that these "*proper officers*," these men of "*reputed humanity*," these very men who, in years past, transmitted favourable accounts of the character of slavery on that island, and furnished the House of Commons with statements touching the condition and treatment of the slaves, he discovered that these proper officers, these men of "*reputed humanity*," when engaged in such a commission, were in the habit of politely intimating to the manager of the estate they were about to visit, that they would come in the evening of such a day to pay that visit, and that they expected every facility would be afforded them in so unpleasant an investigation. Let us set this matter in its true light; let us suppose now that some individual in Liverpool had been robbed, and that he knows or suspects where his property is concealed. He goes to the Mayor, makes his complaint, and says he has reason to believe that his property is to be found in a certain house, in a certain street. The Mayor immediately makes out a search warrant, deposits it in the hands of a "*proper officer*," and says, "*go search the house of the suspected individual, and bring me a faithful report of all you see.*" Well, the officer, instead of doing as he is directed, takes a sheet of gilt-edged paper, and writes, "*Dear, (Ikey Solomons, if you please.)*" (*Laughter.*) "*I hold a warrant to search your house for stolen property; I shall be with you,—say on Saturday evening,—and I expect that every facility will be afforded me in conducting this unpleasant investigation.*" (*Much laughter.*) What is the consequence? Ikey Solomons receives the officer in the most friendly and hospitable manner, with a bunch of keys in one hand and a bottle of wine in the other; and the officer having looked high and low, having searched bed and cupboard, and left no part of the premises unexplored, gives this report to the magistrate,—"*I have made strict search, and I did not find one pennyworth of property in the house.*" (*Laughter.*) Then who will not say with Mr. Borthwick, that Ikey Solomons is a calumniated and much injured individual, and that he ought to bring an action against the man who lodged the information? (*Laughter.*) Mind, this transaction, related by Mr. Jeremie, was not at a remote period, but in 1826. These chains and

collars were abolished; but did humanity then triumph in St. Lucia? No. Mr. Jeremie received a report, stating that the whole island had declared against the innovation; that in every plantation there were symptoms of rebellion; and now you shall have Mr. Jeremie's version of a West Indian insurrection. Mr. Jeremie says,—

"Itumours the most unfounded were at once set afloat; estates were specified where the gangs were in utter disorder, nine or ten especially, and one of them where, owing to the slave law having avowedly been neglected, the manager had been cautioned. This estate was said to have been abandoned by the negroes; some to have fled, the whole to have so neglected their duty that the produce had diminished from sixteen to three hogsheds per week. The slaves, it was said, had fled to the woods, mountains, and ravines; negroes had been taken up with large bundles of newspapers, of the precise year when the slave-law was promulgated, (1826,) and it was added that gangs from the most distant and unconnected quarters had struck, and had also sought refuge in the woods, after destroying their masters' property,—as manufacturers destroy machinery at home.

"Accordingly militia detachments were sent out, headed by field officers, in addition to two permanent detachments, in various directions, in search of the insurgents;—five were sent out from one quarter,—three from a second,—three from a third,—three from a fourth;—and hundreds, ay, thousands, of ball-cartridges were distributed throughout the country. The white troops were to be quartered on the refractory estates; and the planters in one of the quarters, and its neighbourhood, were desired to turn out with their best negroes; this description of force alone amounting to several hundred men.

"Next, the Governor himself went into the mountains, with a numerous staff, to point out the exact plan of operations by which that insurrectionary movement was to be put down. Then a militia order was to be issued, and read at the head of the detachments, comparing these various convulsions ('though it had not quite reached that height') to the melancholy period of 1796, when it cost Great Britain 4,000 men, headed by Abercrombie, to restore order in St. Lucia alone."

Here is a fine field for Mr. Borthwick's declamation<sup>s</sup> by and by. The militia called out,—the country in a state of mutiny,—the negroes in a state of rebellion! Here is fine work! And now Mr. Borthwick shall hear the description of an insurrection in St. Lucia, in the year 1829.

"Now, what was the fact? In the whole of that part of the island where the Governor had taken on himself the direction of the troops; where these detachments, under their colonels, had scoured the woods, mountains, and ravines, it appeared there were exactly eight negroes in the bush, including females. The bundles of newspapers were a piece of wrapping paper, about the size of a man's hand, on which an ignorant slave had made a few crosses, and produced as his pass. The story of the destruction of property was a pure fiction. The specific complements proved to be worse than frivolous, and the only gang where there had been the least movement was one with respect to which the proprietor, on a subsequent inquiry, has been proved never, since the promulgation of the slave law, to have clothed his negroes, and where they had been made to get up to labour in the field by moonlight. On that occasion fifteen had left their owner in the evening, and had presented themselves in the morning to the next planter, to intercede for them. He had done so; and they had returned quietly to work before any of these extraordinary measures were taken.

"In short, it was proved that throughout the island only the usual average, five in 1000, (taking the whole slave population,) which is probably less than in the best disciplined regiments in the service, were away from their estates: and this, too, was at the very commencement of crop, when the number of runaways is always largest."

Yes, Mr. Borthwick, it appeared that there were exactly eight negroes in the bush, and this was the sum total of the St. Lucia insurrection,—a very fine companion to that in Jamaica, the exploits of which I shall have occasion to notice. I cannot help pausing to reflect on this mighty insurrection,—the troops under arms,—colonels in council,—majors and aids-de-camps scouring the country,—all marched about the island from one end to the other,—and exactly eight negroes in the bush, including women and children. (*Laughter.*) This reminds me of the civic major, who, going out with his troops from London to the neighbourhood of Hammersmith, wrote to his friends,—“We have had marching and counter-marching,—and yesterday we *charged* upon a pig-sty.” (*Loud laughter.*) I suppose these doughty heroes of St. Lucia wanted a field-day, and forgetting that Mr. Jeremie was on the island, like a weasel amongst a nest of rats, bundles of newspapers were magnified out of a piece of wrapping paper, and eight poor



negroes, including women and children, were converted into a rebel army. (*Laughter.*) Mr. Borthwick charged me with dealing in fictions;—now, here is a St. Lucia fiction for him, and I can tell him further, that never since the improved slave code was promulgated; never since the use of the whip in the field was prohibited, collars and chains abolished, and the negro clothed, has there been any destruction of property by the negroes, or any insubordination amongst them. But though the whip was put down and collars abolished, did humanity triumph? No;—other systems of punishment were introduced, which Mr. Jeremie thus describes:—

“Scarcely two months afterwards, other reports were spread of discontent and actual mutiny of so serious a nature having broken out on the same estate, that the principal officers of Government were directed to investigate the matter anew. The result was, that in lieu of the collar, the following punishment had been used. The women were hung by the arms to a peg, raised so high above their heads that the toes alone touched the ground, the whole weight of the body resting on the wrists of the arms or the tips of the toes. The report of a mutiny was mere invention.”

This pegging system was abolished, and then did humanity triumph? No; a fourth cruelty was introduced,—the diabolical field stocks, which were nothing less than a most cruel species of picketting; of which the editor of a West India paper, seldom remarkable for extraordinary humanity, thus writes:—

“On the first introduction of the slave code into Trinidad, the abolition of the whip in the punishment of female slaves coming suddenly on the planter, unprovided with the authorized means of coercion, was the cause of great relaxation of discipline, and frequent disorders occurred,—but the application of the hand and feet stocks has proved fully effectual for the punishment of refractory or insolent slaves, and at this period the females are maintained in as perfect order and subordination as the males; these stocks, confining the hands and feet by which the body is kept in a position that at length becomes almost insupportable, are allowed by law to be applied for six hours: but the severity of the punishment has proved so great that few planters will go to the extent authorized, and the FEMALE who has once tasted of its salutary bitterness, has seldom any inclination to try a second dose.”—*Antigua Free Press*, Friday, June 8, 1827.

I shall mention another instance from Mr. Jeremie’s work, to show the nature of the system. A case came before him, in his judicial capacity, for final settlement; the case was this:—The manager of an estate brought an action against the proprietor for arrears of wages: the proprietor disputed the claim; and the consequence was, that after considerable litigation Mr. Jeremie decided the matter on an appeal to him as Chief Justice. The manager claimed a certain sum of money; the proprietor denied the claim; and amongst a long list of items pleaded as a set off, for money paid, &c., were two, the 19th and 21st, which were as follows:—

“No. 19. For the value of John, the cooper, flogged to death by you, and then buried in the cane piece, 400 dollars!”

“No. 21. For the price of the negress, Mary Clare, who died by bruises received from you, 300 dollars!”

Here there were cries of “read it again;” on which Mr. Thompson repeated the statement. He was desired to prove it, and exclaimed, “Mr. Jeremie!” on which an individual called out, “We’ve had enough of him.” Mr. Thompson then continued his address. These murders were denied; on which two overseers stepped into the box, and proved one murder; the other being proved by a note of hand given by that very manager to that very proprietor, in which he confessed the murder of the woman, and accounted for her to his master in a most tradesman-like manner, by debiting himself with three hundred dollars, her value. (*Hear, hear.*) Now, after inquiring into the whole of this horrid affair, let us remember the lovely picture which Mr. Borthwick drew of the planters in the West Indies; let us remember that he described them as being all that was amiable, all that was kind, all that was tender and good; nursing the young, cherishing and sympathising with the old, carrying wine to this infirm woman and that infirm man, to say nothing of the four parlours and the saloon to lounge in. To conclude this scene of iniquity, whom think you was the man who thus calmly trafficked in murder with his own steward, pleaded this

set off in a court of justice, in St. Lucia, in the year 1826? he was Mr. Jeremie's predecessor in office, Chief Justice of the island, a member of the Privy Council, and presided in court when this very action first came on to be tried. (*Hear, hear, hear.*)

Now as Mr. Borthwick was pleased, sneeringly, to allude to a most harrowing account which I gave the other night of a circumstance which transpired in this very island, you shall know on what Mr. Borthwick exercises his pleasantry, and you shall see who is most censurable; I, when I exercise pleasantry on him, or he, when he exercises it either on the cruelly-treated, the much-injured, the murdered slave, or on that scene of iniquity which I am now going to relate. Mr. Jeremie informs us that a white infant was found in a ditch at St. Lucia, with its mouth split from ear to ear and filled with gravel and dirt. The circumstances were inquired into; it was traced to a white unmarried lady on the island; and Mr. Jeremie, because he wished to bring that lady to justice, was thwarted and annoyed, and addressed in such terms as these, "Why, Mr. Jeremie, do you make such a fuss about this nonsense?" That was the St. Lucia sense of justice and humanity; and when Mr. Jeremie determined to bring the criminal to trial, she was got out of the way, and shipped off to Martinique; and thus the ends of justice were defeated. (*Hear, hear.*) Mr. Borthwick talked of this horrid transaction as if it had been a mere trip to Grenada Green with a planter's daughter.

I will now mention a circumstance which Mr. Jeremie relates as having occurred at Martinique, with a view to show that slavery is the same wherever it exists, whether it be in Egypt, in Babylon, Rome, or Greece, in the English colonies, or in those of Spain. A mother and her son were torn from Western Africa, and sold into slavery in Martinique, and fell into the hands of cruel masters. The boy ran away from his master,—and whither did he fly? To the hut of his mother;—and the mother absolutely received the fruit of her body beneath her roof, she absolutely allowed him to lie down on her mat, and supplied him with victuals. The boy was pursued, discovered, and brought to trial; the mother also was brought to trial. The female was charged with "harbouring" her own son, "*under pretence of pity*,"—for they did not give her credit for humanity,—they did not give her credit for natural affection towards her own offspring,—charged with feloniously and criminally harbouring her own son "*under pretence of pity*;"—and the boy was charged with what? With running away? No; but with robbery! And what had he stolen? Nothing;—he had run from his master naked; he had fled to his mother naked; he had not taken one farthing's worth of property; he was charged with having *stolen himself*! He had run away with his own hands, with his own feet, with his own head, with his own heart, with his own life, the right to which God had given him, free as the mountain breeze, never to be cancelled by man. (*Loud applause.*) Well, both the mother and the son were found guilty, the son for robbing his master, that is, for stealing himself, and the mother for harbouring him "*under pretence of pity*;"—and what was the sentence of the mother and the son? The son for his crime was sentenced to be hanged, and the mother to witness his execution, and then to be imprisoned for an unlimited period. (*Expressions of horror.*) And the boy was hanged, and the mother was compelled, as far as a mother could be compelled, to witness the ignominious sacrifice of her son, and afterwards was imprisoned for some years in the jail of the island. Now, what conclusion does Mr. Jeremie draw from these statements of facts? Simply this:—he says that the system is rotten at the core; that we cannot legislate for slavery; that with slave-owners for judges, slave-owners for magistrates, slave-owners for "proper officers," slave-owners for jurymen, slave-owners for witnesses, slave evidence rejected,—and the slave, the reputed son of Ham, abused, degraded, and enslaved,—justice is a mockery. Mr. Borthwick confines all his arguments to Jamaica; that is the lovely island where he likes to travel; it is there where he finds the four parlours and the saloon,—I beg his



pardon, the four apartments and the room to lounge in; (*laughter*;) it is there where he finds amiable planters and amiable ladies, and I say not that they are not amiable, for it is against the system I contend; against the system which would convert good angels into bad angels if they were connected with it; against the system, not against the planters or the planters' wives; for I admit that I myself might be the victim of the demoralizing effects of that system were I brought into contact with it so closely as they are brought. (*Hear, hear.*) Jamaica is the lovely island where Mr. Borthwick chooses to take his pleasant walks, for its scenes are beautiful, and its sounds delightful; but I recommend him to take a trip to St. Lucia, to visit the Mauritius, to go so far as the Cape of Good Hope, and not to confine himself exclusively to the island of Jamaica, though some of his particular friends *should* live there, for whom he entertains a high esteem. (*Hisses and applause.*) I hear a few friends hissing. (*Cries of "Turn them out."*) No, do not turn them out; it is to those who hiss and groan that I particularly want to address myself. (*Laughter and applause.*) They are the very choicest part of my auditory, I cannot spare one of them; but I want to ask them in a friendly manner, is it at the horrors perpetrated in St. Lucia and Martinique that they are groaning? If it be, then I honour them for that groan. Is it these you are hissing? If it be, then I applaud you for that hiss. (*Hisses and applause, and cries of "Question."*)

I assail Mr. Borthwick honourably and manfully. I am sure *he* has philosophy enough for any thing, and I want to know *why* you should hiss me when I assail him. Surely, my friends, you cannot be accustomed to public discussions; surely you cannot know that, if Mr. Borthwick plays at bowls, he must expect to meet with rubbers; surely you cannot know that, if he gives me an Oliver, he must expect a Roland in return. (*Applause.*) Mr. Jeremie tells us that we cannot legislate for the evils of slavery; we must either go back to the African slave trade to keep up the system and prevent the exterminating of the negroes, or we must give liberty to the slaves. I ask you whether we are to go back to the slave trade; I ask you whether we are to go on with the system till the last wretched victim has perished, ere we permit the triumph of justice and mercy, over cruelty, oppression, and woe? (*Hisses and applause.*) Mr. Borthwick says he is an abolitionist; I also am an abolitionist; and I want to know what is meant by *gradual* abolition; I want to grapple with him on the subject. (*Hisses and applause.*) If I knew what it is that banishes the natural sympathies of the men who make that serpent-like noise, I should know what to do. Is it because they find it hard to be flogged and then pickled afterwards? But they have come here voluntarily, and they must expect to hear Mr. Borthwick's arguments fairly canvassed.

With regard to the decrease of the slave population in the sugar colonies, Mr. Borthwick has said what he cannot prove, and I tell him fearlessly that he cannot prove what he said last night. I challenge him to prove that the parliamentary documents were misquoted by Mr. Buxton. If he proves that the parliamentary documents themselves, which were compiled from returns furnished by the planters on oath, were inaccurate,—that is quite another thing. As the advocate of Mr. Buxton, I maintain that the documents were rightly quoted.

I implore Mr. Borthwick to examine this statement; it is better for all parties to keep strictly to truth; let him examine it, then, and if he finds that the slaves are really decreasing in number, whatever be the amount, let him endeavour to find out the true cause, and do what he can to apply a remedy, if he be what he professes to be,—a good man and a kind man,—and not gloss over a system which is annually carrying off thousands of human beings. Hear now the testimony of the Rev. Mr. Trew on the same subject:—

"Of all the evils to which the negro is liable, throughout the whole system of slavery, there is not a greater than this night-work on sugar estates. In proof of this, my Lord, only look at the facts to be found in a late return to Parliament, of the average increase and decrease of slaves for the five preceding years to 1838, on the

principal properties in Jamaica,—distinguishing coffee and other plantations from the sugar estates. We find from these returns, one sugar estate with 603 slaves, on which there has been an average annual decrease of *ten*. On another, with 242 slaves, a decrease of *fifteen*; and on a third, called Blue Mountain, the still more fearful waste of human life is discovered, in an average decrease of *seventeen negroes annually out of 314; or 85 slaves,—being equal to one fifth of the whole population, cut off in the space of five years*. The estates of the heirs of John Thorp, situated in the parish of Trelawney, show a diminution of numbers, within the same period, amounting to 200 out of a population of 2809. But on the coffee plantations, where night-work is unknown, mark the contrast!—on a plantation having 214 slaves, *the average increase for five years is three per cent. per annum*; and taking an extensive parish, the staple commodity of which is coffee, the average increase throughout is not less than *three per cent. per annum*. Can there be a more convincing proof of the shocking waste to which human life is subject on sugar estates (and owing mainly to the system of night-work) than this? And yet to such a system must the man of gray hairs, or the mother of a numerous offspring, after toiling throughout the day under the scorching beams of a tropical sun, submit; and again be exposed to the bleak north wind, to the chilling mists of heaven, or to the pelting rain; and when overtaken with sleep, to lie down faint and weary, and at the risk of a heavy punishment, under the great canopy of heaven, without another comforter, save him who pities the oppressed."

I beg Mr. Borthwick to take a minute of the point, and that he will not take these statements as resting merely on my *ipse dixit*, and reply by a counter assertion only. On this subject, and to show the inequality of the law, I wished to refer to certain transactions which occurred on Lord Combermere's estates at Nevis and St. Kitts; and I also wished to refer to a point which Mr. Borthwick disputed, viz. colonial licentiousness; but I am obliged to hasten to another branch of the subject, which I consider to be the most important part of Mr. Borthwick's speech,—I mean the recent insurrection in the island of Jamaica. (*Hear, hear, applause, and hisses.*) Why am I hissed? Is it because I merely refer to the recent insurrection in Jamaica? (*Applause.*) Now, as regards this insurrection, the first reflection which occurs to my mind is this,—how are insurrections generally spoken of? and how are they spoken of when they occur in the West Indies? How are the actors stigmatized in the West Indies? As rebels,—traitors,—wretches,—vagabonds,—demons. How are the Poles spoken of?—how are the Greeks designated when they rise against their oppressors? (*Hear, hear.*) If we had heard, in former days, that an insurrection had broken out amongst our enslaved countrymen at Algiers, in order to escape from the despotism of the Dey, how should we have spoken of it and of them? (*Hear, hear.*) How do we speak of individuals struggling for liberty all over the world?—of a Tell in Switzerland,—a Byron in Greece,—a Bolivar in Mexico,—a Brutus at Rome,—a Lafayette at Paris? How do we speak of the leaders of the rebels in Jamaica? And let us remember, before we answer this question, that the rebels of Jamaica were more enslaved, more brutalized,—had more insults and wrongs to complain of, and were a million times more oppressed than ever were the Swiss, the Greeks, the Mexicans, the Romans, or the French. (*Great applause.*) If they looked backwards, what did they see but insult and wrong? If they looked onwards to the future, what did they see but slavery and death? When they asked for liberty, did they get it? When they sighed for liberty, was it promised to them? When they struggled for liberty, what was their reward?—the bayonet, the bullet, and the gibbet! (*Hear, hear.*)

Now for the insurrection in Jamaica. Mr. Borthwick last night took an infinite deal of pains to do what I will call by its right name,—to curry favour with the Wesleyans, the Independents, and the Moravians. (*Great applause and much disapprobation.*) This is the old system,—oppress the weakest, please the strongest. The Baptists were alone to blame! Ah! I well recollect his sneer when he named the Baptists: but here I have him fixed without the chance of escaping. The planters love the Methodists! Do they indeed? Then why did they pull down their chapel at Barbadoes? (*Great applause.*) The planters love the Methodists: then why did they imprison Mr. Shrewsbury? The planters love the Methodists: then why did they persecute Mr. Whitehouse? (*Cheers.*) The planters love the Methodists: then why did

a mob of magistrates, clergymen, and planters pull down the Methodist chapels in Kingston? The planters love the Methodists: then why imprison Mr. Box? The planters love the Methodists: then why tar and feather Mr. Bleby? Shall I exhibit the progress of the Methodists, and the persecutions they have undergone in Jamaica and the other Islands, from the moment that Dr. Coke first planted his foot there down to the present time? And yet we are told that the planters love the Methodists, forsooth! I beg to inform Mr. Borthwick that I am well acquainted with the movements of the London Missionary Society, the Baptist Society, and all the others, and I tell him there is not an island where they have not followed up, step by step, every charge against every individual missionary, and the result is, that every such charge has been proved, even in the midst of their enemies, to be false. (*Applause.*) I beg to remind those who heard Mr. Borthwick last night of the remarks he made about the *disinterestedness* of missionaries; of the sneers,—(*Hisses; some confusion.*) Patience, patience, Gentlemen, I shall be on the gridiron to-morrow night, you know. (*Laughter and applause.*) “Why not (says Mr. Borthwick) go amongst the hordes of Western Africa?” I tell him they are already there. (*Hear, hear.*) Many of them have perished on the pestilential banks of the Gambia! Africa, Western Africa, has been the grave of many of those holy and blameless men whose disinterestedness Mr. Borthwick would call in question. (*Great applause.*) Would he have them go among the snows of Greenland and the frozen regions of the north? They are already there. Would he send them amongst the rude savages of Lapland and Nova Zembla? He will find them already there. Would he send them to Caffre land? He will find them already there. Would he send them to the South Sea Islands? He will find them already there. Would he send them to the plains of Hindoostan? He will find them already there, seeking to stop the rolling car of Juggernaut; to stay the uplifted arm of the misguided parent who would immolate his smiling infant to appease some incensed imaginary deity; to quench the funeral pile, and save blooming widows from perishing in the flames; to snatch the infant from the waves of the Ganges and the jaws of the crocodile. He will find them there in the East, and there in the West, and there in the South, and there in the North. (*Loud cheers.*) He will find the Baptist there, the Wesleyans there, the Independents there; he will find the Church of England there, the Moravians there. (*Applause.*) And now for their disinterestedness. Where will he find the philosophical missionary? Where will he find the scientific missionary? Where will he find the mechanical missionary? Where will he find any missionaries, but those of Christ? If there are missionaries in religion, why not in science,—why not in philosophy,—why not in the arts? Because it is religion alone, and the love of Christ constraining them that sends them forth among the heathen,—an act which demands more than any other human act, our admiration and esteem. (*Applause.*) It is this which leads them to tear themselves from their homes, the land of their nativity,—its altars, and the blest scenes of their youth to go to the isles where cruelty, oppression, and vice reign, that they may preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. (*Applause.*) But Mr. Borthwick says that the planters love the Wesleyans,—that they love the Moravians, and all the missionaries but the Baptists; why then did they murder the missionary Smith in Demerara? (*Hear, hear.*) Where is Barry? Where is Duncan? Yet Mr. Borthwick says the planters love the missionaries. Where is Young, the man who put his hand to the resolutions of which Mr. Borthwick has said so much? I heard Mr. Young on the platform at York declare before Heaven and a large assembly, that Christianity would never have free progress in Jamaica whilst slavery continued. Mr. Young was one of the three missionaries who sent that famous declaration from Jamaica to No. 77, Hatton-garden, London. And does not Mr. Borthwick know that the moment those resolutions arrived at Hatton-garden, they were

disallowed by the Parent Committee? that they were severely censured in a letter written by the Rev. R. Watson to Mr. Shipman, the chairman of the meeting? In that letter the principles of the society were nobly and eloquently vindicated, and he who knows the pen or the tongue of a Watson will say that he needs no eulogium of mine. I will now read to you the report of the society, touching these famous resolutions.

"The only exception has been in the case of three of the missionaries in Jamaica, who, without consulting the other missionaries on that island generally, and in opposition to the opinion of several of them, published certain resolutions in defence of their calumniated character and objects, in which sentiments were introduced on the subject of slavery, in the name of the Wesleyan body, and reflections cast on the motives of those persons in this country who are seeking its abolition by petitions to the Legislature, which the committee felt themselves bound publicly to disavow. They were thus called to make a public declaration, that, whilst they hold it to be a sacred Christian duty to enforce the obligation of the submission of slaves to their masters, and to all the authorities placed over them by Providence; and that their instructions to this effect are imperative upon all the missionaries employed by the society, they consider the system of slavery itself as wholly inconsistent with Christianity, and as an evil to be terminated as soon as practicable by the wisdom and benevolence of a Christian government. The committee were placed in circumstances which left them no alternative as to such a declaration of the principles and views of the body for whom they acted, and they know that in that proceeding they have been approved by the society at large."—*Report of the Wesleyan Methodist Missionary Society, for the year ending December 31st, 1825. Pages 48, 49.*

Having shown the nature of their resolutions and the manner in which they were received by the Parent Society, I wish Mr. Borthwick joy of his fact. (*Laughter and applause.*) Now, how are the Wesleyan missionaries spoken of in the *Jamaica Courier*, the organ of the planters? When Mr. Box was taken into custody the editor says;—

"We understand that two Baptist missionaries are now in custody. We hope Sir W. Cotton will award them fair and impartial justice. Shooting is too honourable a death for these men to die. There are fine hanging woods in the neighbourhood of St James's and Trelawney, and we trust the bodies of all the sectarian preachers will diversify the scene."

"All the sectarians," Mr. Borthwick, mark the expression, "all," without any exception. What a taste for the picturesque that man must have! To show, however, that his taste for the picturesque is not altogether singular, I hold in my hand a letter written by a large West India proprietor in this country, and not only a large proprietor, but the son of a British clergyman, and the son-in-law of a British Peer, and a sitting member in the House of Commons. You must know that the Anti-slavery Society are in the habit of sending a copy of the monthly *Anti-Slavery Reporter* to every member of both Houses of Parliament and this member, amongst the rest, received a fine hot-pressed copy which was sent to him either in town or to his country residence. In February, 1832, just after the news of the insurrection in Jamaica arrived in this country, a copy was sent to him as usual, and soon afterwards the following letter was received, addressed to T. Pringle, Esq. secretary to the Anti-slavery Society.

"Sir,—I have often had packets from the Anti-slavery Society forwarded to me in the country, over weight." There is a great deal of point here,—coming over weight, he would have to pay the postage. (*Laughter.*) I thought the planters were very liberal men, Mr. Borthwick; but here is a planter who, when a book is sent to him, gratis, complains of the carriage. "I have a great aversion," says he, in continuation, "to all cant and hypocrisy, but they are doubly detestable when they are made the cloak for mischievous purposes." Well, it is no doubt very noble in a British legislator to hate cant and hypocrisy; but mark his most lame and impotent conclusion: "I, therefore, beg as a favour that you will not send me any more papers." (*Laughter.*) "I hate cant and hypocrisy," says he, and, "therefore," mark the conclusion, my friends, "therefore send me no more papers." (*Loud laughter.*) But now comes the cream of the matter. "To this I shall only add my most earnest



hope that the Commander-in-Chief, in Jamaica, will hang every missionary on the island. (*Cries of "Horrid," "shame," "shame."*) It is not the Baptists alone—mind that—this philanthropic gentleman would hang, but the Wesleyans, the Moravians, and missionaries of the Church of Scotland, altogether; he would hang them all, without exception,—that is his plan of reform. (*Laughter, and cries of "Name the writer."*) Don't be in a hurry; you shall have it three times over. "And if the same course," says he, "were adopted here with the gentlemen who present petitions on the subject, a considerable benefit would arise to the community at large, and a most particular one to the House of Commons. I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant," (obedient, I suppose, to hang these men!) "your most obedient servant, SPENCER HORSEY KILDERBEE." And now I will spell it; K i l,—it should have been K i double l derbee. (*Much laughter.*) Mr. Kilderbee is member for Orford, in Suffolk; and if you wish to know any more about that borough, I refer you to schedule A. (*Laughter and cheers.*) I know not where Mr. Kilderbee may go to now to seek a place in Parliament; I do not think he will become a candidate for this great commercial town; but if he does, give him a courteous reception. (*Laughter.*) What do you say to such a legislator as this? I know not what; but I do know that you will declare him unfit to hold a place in the British Senate. (*Cheers.*) He has trampled on the right of petitioning, the most sacred right which the Englishman possesses; he has declared that every member who presents a petition for the accomplishment of a most noble object ought to be hanged; and that every missionary who preaches the Gospel of peace and reconciliation to the negro ought to be hanged also. (*Hear, hear.*) How shall I find words to speak of Mr. Kilderbee as he deserves to be spoken of? Another man, however, has drawn his character; and whether that man be living, dying, or dead, I know not; but this I know, whether he be living or dead, he is embalmed in the esteem of every man, he is hallowed in the estimation of every one who knows him, or has read his works; I mean Sir Walter Scott. (*Loud and repeated cheers.*)

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself hath said,  
This is my own, my native land!  
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,  
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,  
From wandering on a foreign strand!  
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;  
For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
High though his titles, proud his name,  
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;  
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
The wretch, concentred all in self,  
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
And, doubly dying, shall go down  
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung."

Mr. Borthwick quarrelled with the missionaries because they did not understand Greek; because they were not acquainted with the oriental tongues; because they had not travelled over Palestine; and this too when he had just been praising the simplicity of the Christian religion! Did he forget the fishermen, who were called to be Apostles? Did he forget that Christ chose the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; the weak to confound the strong? Does he not know that it is not Greek that converts men; that it is not Hebrew that converts men; but the blessing of God on the labours of the missionary; even were the instrument the meanest, the humblest of the rebels of Jamaica? I advise him in future to abstain from such remarks on Christian missionaries. I tell him he knows not a British audience if he thinks he can revile such men with impunity. (*App'ause.*) You remember with what a peculiar expression of countenance Mr. Borthwick used the phrase, "The Baptist

leaders of the rebellion ;" he was, however, schooled by the audience into somewhat better manners. He felt your pulse, and ascertained that he was pursuing a wrong *course*. Once for all, I declare that towards Mr. Borthwick personally I have no enmity ; nor do I know or believe he has to me. If I deal hardly with him, or he with me, it arises not, I hope, from *personal hostility* ; but for myself, I will fight him on this question, inch by inch, hairsbreadth by hairsbreadth, until the battle of freedom is won. It is my most ardent desire that he should think as I think, and join in bringing to the earth the foul fabric of slavery, that mounting its ruins we might together exclaim, " Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, is fallen ?" (*Loud cheers.*)

Mr. Borthwick talked of certain barbarities inflicted upon the whites during the late insurrection in Jamaica. He asserted what he cannot prove. I challenge him to the proof. He talked about horrors perpetrated upon females, and you recollect how, at the same time, he praised the ladies in that assembly, as the fairest, the wisest, and the best ;—" And there are ladies," said he, " in Jamaica as fair, and as wise, and as amiable as the fairest, the wisest, and the best in this assembly,—and there are many of all these before me now." I say the same, Ladies, and you may take his opinion as mine also ; but I quite disagree with him as to the cruelties said to have been perpetrated on these beautiful, wise, and amiable ladies in Jamaica. They were murdered, we are told, by the Baptist leaders,—morally abused, and torn limb from limb. Where was the proof ? He read Linton's confession,—but not a word about it there ; he read something from Gardner's confession,—but not a word about it there ; something from Dove's confession,—not a word about it there. He continued his lecture, finished it, and went home without offering a word of proof. (*Laughter and Cheers*) Let me now just allude to the loss sustained by the Baptists in Jamaica.

" The following estimate has been forwarded to the Committee of the Baptist Missionary Society as the amount required in order to re-build, at the lowest possible rate, the places of worship destroyed. The sums are in Jamaica currency

Salter's Hill,—Burnt by order of the Captain of Militia stationed at Latium, value .....	£4000 0 0
Falmouth,—Pulled down by the Saint Ann's Militia, while occupied as barracks, value .....	3000 0 0
Montego Bay,—Pulled down at mid-day by the inhabitants, headed by several of the magistrates, value .....	6000 0 0
Savanna-la-mar,—Pulled down by the parishioners, value .....	700 0 0
Ridgeland, <i>alias</i> Fuller's-field,—Burnt by two Overseers. A valuable house value .....	1000 0 0
Itlo Bueno,—Burnt, value .....	1000 0 0
Stewart's Town,—Injured to the amount of .....	250 0 0
Brown's Town,—Pulled down by the inhabitants, value .....	800 0 0
St. Ann's Bay,—Pulled down by the inhabitants of the parish, value .....	3500 0 0
Ebony Chapel,—Burnt, value .....	500 0 0

Total amount of Chapels destroyed .....

20750 0 0

Loss in the destruction of Mission Property in Houses rented.

Gurney's Mount,—Pulpit, benches, &c. ....	300 0 0
Putney,—Benches burnt .....	50 0 0
Lucia,—Benches and lamps .....	50 0 0
Ocho Rios,—Pulpit, pews, and benches .....	100 0 0

21250 0 0

The chapel at Lucia, belonging to the General Baptists, but occupied by our Society, pulled down. Offered for sale by the General Baptist Society for .....	900 0 0
Losses in houses, furniture, clothes, books, &c. &c. partly belonging to in- dividual Missionaries, and partly to the Society, about .....	500 0 0
Extra expenses incurred by travelling, expresses, and Mr. Knibb's passage home, at least .....	600 0 0

£23250 0 0

" In the above statement we have not enumerated the expense of the trials, not being certain what the amount will be."



Making a total loss of £23,250 currency. (*Cries of "Par of exchange—Par of exchange," and other exclamations.*) It is impossible that I should find those who are so clamorous both facts and common sense. If I find the arguments, do you find the comprehension; I can do no more. (*Laughter and applause.*) Now, Mr. Borthwick shall have the opinions of the inhabitants of Jamaica on these atrocities. (*Cries of "Who burnt the plantations?" "Turn him out."*) These questions always elicit something. I am asked who burned the plantations? The negroes; the oppressed, degraded, ill-treated negroes. (*Hear, hear.*) Now for the opinions of the worthy whites in Jamaica, as inserted in their organ, the *Jamaica Courant*. The first is an extract from an officer's letter, dated St. Ann's, before Feb. 7th, 1832:—"Our primary ardour has been unabated. We have never allowed these deluded wretches time to rest; night and day have we been at them, and have made terrible slaughter among them. And now, at the end of a six week's campaign, we are neglected, not thought of, because the Governor must have a little fun with Thom Hill and his yacht. The few wretches that are now out, are hiding in the cane pieces, and we occasionally get a bullet or two at them. On Sunday morning, five were shot who were fallen in with, and attempted to escape." Miserable wretches! whose only crime was running away from slaughter! On the Sabbath morning these white men, these militia-men of Jamaica, go out with their muskets, they find runaway negroes, and they murder them. Ay, Mr. Borthwick, *murder* them. [A voice in the gallery—"Let them henceforth be called malicious men."] With all my heart; let them henceforth be called malicious men. (*Cheers.*) Under date of Falmouth, Feb. 7th, the same writer goes on, "I cannot allow the post to start, without saying that I have remained long enough at Falmouth to see *Baptist and Methodist chapels pulled down*. This good work was accomplished this day, by the troops after their return, *conquerors from the seat of war*; (Methodist chapels, mind that, Mr. Borthwick;) the seat of war. Allow me to repeat an idea which I expressed in my speech at Manchester, on commenting on the subject. What reflections fill our minds, when we hear of soldiers coming victorious from the seat of war, with banners waving over their heads, and laurels on their brows, marching with solemn pace towards the cathedral to present their prayers and thanks to Almighty God, whilst the organ peals, and the solemn anthem resounds through the vaulted aisles, thanking Heaven that no more blood will be shed, and that they have been victorious over their own and their country's enemies. Reflect on this picture, and then look to these Jamaica militia-men, with unwashed hands—hands yet reeking with the blood of murdered negroes, they come to Falmouth, and their first good and glorious work is to rush to the chapels, raze them to the foundation, and, not content with pulling them brick from brick, stone from stone, even the tablet, sacred to the memory of a departed missionary, recording his worth, and the veneration of his survivors, was pulled down, dashed on the pavement, and the fragments scattered to the winds of heaven; and these are "*conquerors from the seat of war!*" The amiable writer of this letter proceeds thus:—"Lots of groans, as you may imagine, from the saints and their followers. It is impossible for me to give you a description of the appearance of our brave militia-men on their arrival in this town. The poor fellows cut a miserable appearance. You could not tell whether they were black, white, yellow, or any other colour. Let Bruel know that the great and glorious work has commenced. It is now ten o'clock, and all hands at work, demolishing the Baptist and Wesleyan chapels. The Methodist chapel is down, and the men are hard at work at the Baptist's. The roof of the chapel is not yet off; but so much injured as to make it as well off as on. It is standing, it is true; but supported by a few posts only. The men have gone for fire-hooks to complete the work they have undertaken. There is the devil to pay here to day (as you may suppose) among the saints and their followers; weeping, and

wailing, and gnashing of teeth; wringing of hands, and groans, interrupted at times with curses and imprecations on the soldiers." Hear how he speaks of these injured and insulted men! Mr. Borthwick calls upon you to sympathize only with the spoiler. Wesleyans, I call upon you,—Church of England *men*, I call upon *you*,—Independents, I call upon *you*,—Moravians, if there be any here, I call upon *you*,—Christians, throughout this assembly of every name, I call upon you to join with me, to make common cause with the injured, the calumniated, the murdered Baptists, against the white ruffians of Jamaica. (*Loud and repeated cheering, followed by a few hisses and groans.*) Notwithstanding that hiss, notwithstanding that groan, I know that I have the hearts, the heads, and the consciences of this meeting with me; (*Loud applause,*) and, to save Mr. Borthwick the trouble of feeling your pulse again, I say, let those who believe with me that slavery and Christianity are incompatible—let those who believe with me that Burchell, Gardner, and Knibb are innocent of the charges brought against them—let those who believe with me that the Wesleyans are persecuted as well as the Baptists, and that the cause of religion generally, has suffered throughout the island—let those who believe with me that by the abolition of this dire system, Christianity can alone be served in the West Indies—let those who acknowledge all this with me, hold up their hands. [An immense majority of the meeting answered to the call, and the show of hands was followed by the loudest and most enthusiastic cheering.] Now, let those who think the contrary hold up their hands. "None? then none have I offended." (*Renewed cheers.*) Do not despise the Baptists because their creed is at variance with your own;—pity them because their chapels have been demolished,—pity them because they have been wronged; and let them not be slandered and maligned because there are points of difference between you; their religion still is spotless, and the Baptist missionaries are triumphant over their enemies. (*Loud cries of "Yes, yes."*) Can you want any other proof of their innocence than the circumstance that they were tried amongst and by their enemies, and were acquitted? (*Cheers, and cries "Do you hear that, Mr. Borthwick?" "Mark that, Mr. Borthwick."*) I may, however, mention another circumstance:—I have got it in evidence before me that a slave was promised £50 down and £10 a year for life if he would swear away the life of the missionary Burchell. Mark that! And now, with all Mr. Borthwick's fuss, what is the fact? There were only four members of the Baptist society in all Jamaica found guilty of having taken part in the rebellion. (*Hear, hear*) I defy him to prove that more than four known and recognised members of the Baptist society were found guilty in all Jamaica. Mr. Borthwick says they do not want any of our cumbrous help in the work of emancipation. He tells us that the planters are doing all they can,—that they are exerting themselves, heart, head, hand, and purse, to administer religious instruction to the slave. Now let me remark, once for all, that I acknowledge there are benevolent planters,—men, kind, charitable, amiable, and benevolent; but they are exceptions to the general rule; and if they were not exceptions, what would it make for their system? How would it plead in behalf of the system of slavery? Does the existence of 10, 50, 500, or 5,000 good men plead a justification of one sin that exists in the world? (*Applause.*) Mr. Borthwick says they want not our cumbrous help. I suppose that no such cumbrous help was wanted in the abolition of the slave trade either. (*Hear, hear.*) Mr. Borthwick yesternight stated that the African trade was an impious abomination;—was it? then why did the slave-owners not put an end to it? What tyrants they were to keep up a system which they knew to be an abomination! He tells us that the planters aided in the work of abolition. 'Tis true that in Jamaica and Virginia, when they were overstocked with slaves themselves, and did not want their neighbours to get a fresh supply, then the planters petitioned for the abolition of the trade, and not before;—not till they had got enough themselves. The child does not say,

"Mother, do not give me any more pudding," till it has almost made itself ill with it. (*Laughter.*) But was there no opposition to Wilberforce? Was there no opposition to Clarkson? Did not the West Indians call evidence from the four quarters of the globe to prove that the slave trade ought not to be abolished? Did they not divide the House of Commons again and again on the subject? And who were the opposition side? West India planters,—West India mortgagees,—merchants and men interested with West India slave trade,—and interested, too, in the perpetuation of slavery. And yet Mr. Borthwick says that they are all enemies to the slave trade, and to slavery, and Mr. Borthwick "is an honourable man. So are they all, all honourable men." (*Laughter and cheers.*) The missionaries are persecuted, cast into dungeons, chained, banished, destroyed; yet Mr. Borthwick says the planters are the friends of religious instruction; and Mr. Borthwick "is an honourable man." All I can say is, it is passing strange that men should show a love for religion by banishing its missionaries, breaking down its altars, desecrating its ordinances. (*Hear.*) This, surely, is a strange mode of manifesting love; it is the love of madmen, at all events, for we are told that there are states of insanity in which men always seek to destroy what they love best. (*Applause.*) It would appear, then, that the planters are mad, for they love religion more than any thing else, and yet take the most effectual means to destroy it.

Who assisted in bringing about the resolutions of 1823? Were they not brought forward in order to set aside a motion of Mr. Buxton's, for the extinction of slavery? If Mr. Buxton had not brought forward his motion would the planters have brought forward their amendment?—or would Mr. Canning have brought forward his resolutions, as an amendment on Mr. Buxton's motion? No; and what good has been effected by those resolutions? Why, of all they professed to do, and promised to do, they have done nothing. For what has been done is worse than nothing. Yet the *planters* were friendly to abolition, and hostile to slavery. (*Hear, hear.*)

Mr. Borthwick then became very theological; he did not like my interpretation of the passage "Remember those that are in bonds, as bound with them;" he did not like my version of "Do unto others as you would they should do unto you." A great deal of my biblical criticism he did not like, and indeed I do not know how he should; for, as a friend said to me last night, "How should Mr. Borthwick like any thing you say?" He is like the man to whom the drummer-boy said "You are very hard to please; flog high, flog low, there is no satisfying you." I need not be surprised, then, that Mr. Borthwick is displeased with me: if he *were* pleased with me I should almost begin to think that I had said or done something wrong. (*Laughter.*) Mr. Borthwick quotes certain passages from St. Paul, to show that colonial slavery is not sinful, and that it ought not to be abolished, as hostile to the Christian religion: but does not Mr. Borthwick know that Christianity had been in the world 1562 years before colonial slavery commenced? The slave trade, which Mr. Borthwick has rightly characterized as being the abomination of the world, commenced 1562 years after the Christian era, when Englishmen were assembling in thousands in their cathedrals and churches petitioning Almighty God to have mercy on the prisoner and the captive. Englishmen professing the doctrines of universal peace and benevolence first commenced the colonial slave trade; and now the system having been thus commenced and thus carried on, thus perpetuated, we are met to inquire what is our duty, as Christians, with reference to this system. Surely seeing that colonial slavery was not established till 1562 years after the Christian era, the communications which St. Paul gave to the slaves of his day can have no special reference to the slaves in the West India islands. I know that you will all agree with me on this subject, though Mr. Borthwick says there is not a shadow, or more poetically speaking, the shadow of the ghost

of a scriptural passage in favour of the abolition of colonial slavery ; and if you believe with me that the precepts and the doctrines of Christianity are inimical to colonial slavery, you ought not to countenance its continuance for a single hour. (*Loud applause.*)

When Mr. Borthwick came to the seventh evil of slavery, which was seizure, he readily admitted that seizure was an evil, though he denied that I had proved any other evil connected with colonial slavery ; he would not admit that slavery cursed the soil,—he would not admit that it gave rise to the slave trade,—he would not admit that infant slavery was an evil,—he would not admit that excessive labour without any other motive than the whip was an evil,—he would not admit that the suffering of the slave was an evil,—he would not admit that the decrease of the slave population was an evil ; but when he came to seizure, he admitted that *seizure* was an evil, and then Mr. Borthwick went on to read a very entertaining account from the *Morning Journal*. I wish Mr. Borthwick would not go to such tainted sources as the *Morning Journal* for his information. (*Applause.*) The *Morning Journal* abuses four and twenty ladies of Clapham, and tells an anecdote of a man who in the first place was torn from Africa where he had taken a wife, severed from her and his children and brought to the West Indies. Was not that a crime, I ask ? (*Hear, hear.*) In the West Indies he takes another wife, and then the *Morning Journal* and Mr. Borthwick charge him with bigamy ;—but what caused the bigamy ? The slave trade and slavery. (*Loud applause.*) He was again dragged from his second wife and children, and taken to America, where he took a third wife, and then he is charged with trigamy. What is it that occasions trigamy in the man who is torn from one wife in Africa, and from another in the West Indies, and takes a third in America ? Slavery ! (*Applause, and cries of " True, true."*) Here is one woman left desolate in Africa ; is there no " evil" inflicted on her ? Another is left desolate in the West Indies ; is there no evil inflicted on her ? The fatherless children, too ; is no suffering and misery entailed upon them by so foul a crime ? (*Applause.*) If Mr. Borthwick were wise he would keep such things as these in the back ground. (*Hear, hear.*) Joy go with him, and his bigamy and trigamy too. (*Laughter.*) If he goes on in this way, he, at least, will stand little chance of committing either bigamy or trigamy. (*Much laughter.*) He will not allow me to call the planters names,—why then does he call Pharaoh a tyrant ? because he was a slave-owner. Why does he call ancient tyrants names, and not allow the same names to be applied to tyrants of modern times. " Oh, (says he) you must be very gentle, you must be very lamb-like, when you speak of modern slave-owners. If you speak of Pharaoh, you may call him tyrant ; if you speak of Nero, you may call him tyrant ; if you speak of the Goths and Vandals, you may call them tyrants ; if you speak of the ancient feudal system in England, you may call the lords of the soil tyrants, if you will ; but don't call the West Indian planters tyrants when you are pleading the cause of the negroes ; don't call them names, but be very calm, peaceable, and polite." I am reminded of an anecdote of Demosthenes, the celebrated orator, and will relate it, as some sort of excuse for my being a little warm occasionally, and to show why I perspire so much, why I am not so cool as Mr. Borthwick, who, you observe, never wipes the perspiration from his brows, but always keeps himself cool and comfortable. (*A laugh.*) As Demosthenes was one day sitting in his study, a person came to him and said, " I want you to undertake my cause." " What do you complain of ?" said the orator. " Why," replied his client, in a very cool and calm way, " why, down the street, a man struck me, spat upon me, and reviled me, and I am come to you to obtain redress." " I don't believe you," said Demosthenes ; " I put no faith in your story ; you don't look like an injured and insulted man ; I cannot credit what you tell me."—" Not believe me !" exclaimed the man ; " what ! not believe me ! when I tell you that he



struck me a foul blow, laid me on the earth, spit and trampled upon me? Not think me an injured man?"—"Hold, hold," said Demosthenes, "now I believe you. I see it in the fire of your eye, in the quivering of your lip, in the agitation of your frame. Now I believe you, and will undertake your cause." (*Applause.*) And shall we, when we plead the cause of 800,000 human beings now breathing,—shall we, when we plead the cause of the millions who no longer breathe,—when we speak of the men and women burnt in the villages and towns of Africa,—that died in the pathways of the desert,—that were thrown overboard to the sharks of the Atlantic,—that perished by disease occasioned by the seasoning;—shall we, when we speak of these victims to human avarice and depravity, be calm and cool, and say, "Pray, Mr. Borthwick,—pray, Mr. Kilderbee,—pray, Mr. any body else, oblige us by considering the subject?" No; if we love liberty ourselves; if we would die to defend it when invaded on our own shores, let us not pause till we obtain a complete and glorious triumph over colonial oppression. (*Loud cheers.*)

Mr. Borthwick is a great admirer of the missionary, yet he kept throwing dirt upon him at every step; Mr. Borthwick is a great admirer of the negro, yet he describes him as a complete beast in Africa, and something worse in the West Indies: he is a great admirer of freedom, but he says that the negro is not fit for freedom; he loves religion, but he said that the insurrection in Jamaica had its first foundation in religion. (*Cries of "No, no."*) The audience, however, stopped him short, and then he said "*perversion of religion;*" for he

"Can turn,

And turn, and turn again, and still go on."

No man knows better how to slide off in a beautiful curve than Mr. Borthwick. (*Hisses and applause.*) Then he said something very beautiful about the happiness and contentedness of the negro, which would be very elegant, if it were true; but the misfortune is, that most of the things he says are not true, in fact. That he believes them to be true, I must not question. He says the negroes do not care for freedom,—that they set no value upon it,—that if you go round amongst them, and put the question to them, they will say "No, Massa; me very happy, me want no more, me get all me care for:" that, in fine, they would not have their freedom, if they could get it. Would they not? Then why are the newspapers filled with advertisements of runaway negroes? Why are the prisons filled with runaway negroes? Why are the mountains peopled with runaway negroes? Why is the bush filled with runaway negroes? Why is a standing army kept to force slavery down the throats of the negroes, if they are in love with it? (*Loud applause.*) Does the mother hold a rod over the child's head to force it to eat apple tart? (*Laughter.*) Did Adam and Eve run out of Paradise? If the negroes like slavery, then withdraw the troops, and save us the trouble and expense, the loss of life and money needlessly incurred, if the negroes are contented with their condition. (*Loud applause.*) But they like slavery, and do not wish for liberty; and Mr. Borthwick exclaims they shall not have liberty now, because they do not know its value: but shall man be kept in slavery, because he does not know the value of liberty? See the pitiful dilemma into which Mr. Borthwick has brought himself; the negroes do not like what all men sigh for,—what they would bleed and die to defend,—what they would give house and lands, friends and reputation to obtain; and here is the dilemma,—if it be so, then, planters and proprietors, upholders of slavery, he defends and maintains a vile and brutalizing system, which has extinguished in man the most noble and generous quality that distinguishes him from the brutes. (*Loud cheers.*) What! because men do not like liberty,—if it be true that they do not like it, are we not to try to make them like it? Mr. Borthwick tells us that the negroes are very happy and contented,—that they want no more; and then he tells us of a man,

a most miserable man,—if there ever were so very a wretch,—that bought fifty acres of land, and then said he did not want his own liberty. I should like to see the man who was thus in love with “going round and round his tub.” Not like liberty for himself!—why, then, did he want it for his wife and children? Mr. Borthwick tells us that he might call them “*my own*.” (*Loud cheers.*) Mr. Borthwick tells us that, when asked this question, the man replied, “I want to call them *mine* ;” and I beg Mr. Borthwick to remember that word *mine*. Not like liberty! Suppose I go with Mr. Borthwick to a lunatic asylum; (I do not mean any thing invidious—I do not think that either Mr. Borthwick or myself are fit to be permanent residents in a lunatic asylum;) but suppose that we go as accidental visitors, just as he came to see me at Manchester. (*A laugh.*) Suppose we go into a ward, and see a man weaving a crown of straw, putting it upon his head, and then walking up and down the ward, with his miserable rags trailing behind him, wielding his sceptre over an imaginary world,—Utopian princes bowing at his footstool. I say to Mr. Borthwick, “Is not that man happy? He never implores for liberty; he fancies himself clothed in regal splendour, with crouching slaves around him;—is he not happy?” Mr. Borthwick would shake his head, be silent, and turn grave. Then we might see another man chalking ludicrous figures on the wall, or stringing together senseless rhymes, and humming them the livelong day; and I might say, “Is not this man happy? He is always smiling; he is fully satisfied with himself; he never sends a wish beyond his prison walls;—is he not happy?” Mr. Borthwick would still be silent. Then I might show him a beautiful female singing love ditties all day long,—an eternal smile playing on her countenance; and I might say, “Look upon this being, and say, is she not happy? Are not all these happy?” And then Mr. Borthwick, with a sigh, would answer, “No, they are not happy; see what a wreck of mind; see reason dethroned; see all the bright faculties of the soul gone astray! Oh! save them from this place,

‘Where laughter is not mirth, nor thought the mind,  
Nor words a language,—nor e’en men mankind!’

Let us strive to bring them back to society and to rational being; let them, if it must be, taste its sorrows and its bitterness; but let them know what are its joys, its hopes, its anticipations; let them live to mingle with mankind, and fit themselves for immortality.” And I reply, “Yes, let us try to save them; let all human means be used to save them from this place; and when you have dropped the tear of sympathy over degraded reason here, go to the West Indies, preach that doctrine to the slaves, and see whether in their present prostration there is any reason why they should not have awakened in their minds a love of liberty, if it be not already there,—why they should not be released from that hateful system by which they are now enthralled, and brought to the enjoyment of perfect freedom.” (*Cheers.*)

But I am prepared to show that the slaves *do* value freedom and long to possess it, notwithstanding Mr. Borthwick’s declaration to the contrary. I hold in my hand two documents,—the first is a proclamation from Governor Ross, published in the *Antigua Register* of March 29, 1831:—

“*ANTIGUA.*

“By his Excellency Sir Patrick Ross, Knight, Commander of the most distinguished Order of St. Michael and St. George, Major-General in the Army, Governor, and Commander-in-Chief in and over his Majesty’s Islands of Antigua, Montserrat, and Barbuda, Chancellor, Vice-Admiral, and Ordinary of the same, &c. &c. &c.

“Patrick (L. S.) Ross.

“WHEREAS by my proclamation bearing date the twenty-first day of this present month, I did, by and with the advice of His Majesty’s Privy Council, offer a Reward of One Hundred Pounds to the Person or Persons (except the actual offender) who should give such information as would lead to the conviction of the offender or offenders who set fire to several cane pieces in this Island, and also a free pardon to an accomplice or accomplices on conviction by their means of the actual perpetrator of



"I have not observed any disinclination for voluntary labour; it appears to be a system perfectly understood and practised by the liberated Africans here, and strengthens with their strength, as they become more sensible of the sweets of labour by enjoying the profits of it, and the comforts those profits enable them to purchase: indeed, to the many hundreds of liberated Africans that have been employed as labourers on the different Government works, as well as on the buildings erected by private individuals during the last few years, may, in some measure, be attributed the comparatively small number of agricultural labourers in the villages."—Page 16.

"An anxious desire to obtain and enjoy the luxuries of life is apparent in every village, from the oldest settler to the liberated African of yesterday. European articles of dress are the first objects of their desire; and for the means of acquiring these, both sexes will cheerfully labour; and a gradual improvement has taken place in their dwellings, as they become possessed of the necessary means for that purpose."—P. 16.

"The markets at Freetown are supplied with fruit and vegetables, almost exclusively, by the mountain villages; and from eighty to a hundred men, women, boys, and girls are to be seen daily on the hill leading to Gloucester town, with the produce of their farms and gardens: this is, also, entirely the reward of their own industry and perseverance, for, not the least instruction on this important branch of labour have they ever received"—Page 17.

"I know nothing of what may be the capabilities of the negro vassal; but I am sure the free negro, either in his own country or in any other where bondage has never existed, is as sensible of rights and privileges and as ready to defend them as any white man in existence; and I defy any man to show any instance among negroes in this state of that natural dislike to whites which has been reported, and acknowledged as a fact by theorists and West Indians: on the contrary, the white man is always looked up to as their superior, their protector, and their friend, whenever he will allow himself to be so considered."—Page 22.

"The liberated Africans at the different villages appear happy; Wellington and Waterloo are improving fast in respectability. At the former place they are building, by subscriptions among the inhabitants, a good sized church and market-house, of stone, and a number of private stone buildings are springing up."—Page 36.

Extract of a letter from R. W. Hay, Esquire, Under Secretary of State, dated Downing-street, June 26th, 1829, addressed to Major Ricketts:

"I have had much pleasure in receiving your letter of the 27th March.

"The disposition to build, which is manifesting itself in the villages, affords a strong proof of the improving habits of the people; and it will be wise to afford every encouragement to that disposition, which, as it springs from a due appreciation of the comforts of civilized life, must operate as a sure incentive to industry."—Page 37.

"The liberated Africans who have been any length of time in the colony, have all evinced a desire to engage in agricultural pursuits, and would, I am certain, extend it considerably beyond its present scale were they satisfied that their industry would be rewarded."—Page 38.

"The liberated Africans have given evident proof of their affection for the laws as they are administered, by the interest they show in implicitly obeying them; and when it has been found requisite to adopt local regulations particularly affecting them, they have cheerfully conformed to them. By an Act for keeping in repair the roads and bridges, every adult male in the colony is bound to give six days labour gratuitously; and the provisions of the said act are enforced about the latter end of November, when the liberated Africans come forward, leaving, probably, their daily work, at the risk of incurring their employers' displeasure, to give the assistance which they are called upon for."—Page 39.

Here you have a real parliamentary paper really presented, unsophisticated, and authenticated; not a surreptitious, second-hand, back door, parliamentary paper; not got up by the West Indian planter, and smuggled through the House of Commons, with a disclaimer on the part of Lord Goderich, the colonial secretary. I produce fresh documents; Mr. Borthwick always goes over the same. I beg that he will give me a *quid pro quo*. You ought to do so, Mr. Borthwick. ("He cannot do it.") Consider, that a man may go mad if he plays the same tune everlastingly, even if that tune be "Begone, dull care." (*Laughter*.)

"The condition of St. Domingo has often been put forward by pro-slavery writers. The difference in the amount of exportable produce from that colony, compared with what it furnished antecedently to her revolution, is an undisputed fact. But to what is this owing? The inhabitants of St. Domingo are now supplying the wants of their own community, making their shoes and chairs, growing their corn, and feeding their stock. Let these wants be once amply supplied, and then will the attention of Hay-tians be turned to the production of the commodities for which there is the readiest market. They will then cultivate produce for exportation; and then will the fact, that some kinds of produce are better adapted than others to their climate and their

soil, lead them to do that for their own benefit which is now produced elsewhere by coercion.

"Then will those results be assuredly attained without any sacrifice of principle, which are now acquired by inflicting evils that far more than counterbalance the advantages obtained, and by perpetrating horrors at which humanity shudders. These remarks on St. Domingo were submitted three years ago; and they have been singularly borne out by authentic reports which have recently reached us from that colony; for there is found a happy, flourishing, and contented peasantry, engaged in the cultivation of their own small freeholds; and as these persons acquire capital, they form larger establishments, which are gradually rising. This proves that the general wants of the community are supplied, and, if well governed, that community must soon acquire strength and rise to importance. On the other hand, whilst the hill sides, to which they fled for protection, and the neighbourhood of the towns, are occupied by the free labourer, the open and extensive plains, where were situated the larger estates, continue in many instances to bear the appearance of decay. But which is the happiest of the two conditions? They have now had an opportunity of judging of both; and if a man be happier in slavery than in freedom, none can better appreciate the difference than those who so long enjoyed the blessings of slavery, and who have now the misfortune to be living in freedom.

"The experiment of conferring those blessings on them anew was once made by Britain, once by France, the two most powerful and wealthy nations of the earth. Let it be tried again by the united energies of both, and will any one doubt the event?"

"The contrast between those two conditions was forcibly brought to my mind by an accident which occurred some time since. One day I visited officially a plantation in the highest order,—the cleanliness of the buildings, their perfect state of repair, the luxuriance of the crops, all that concerned the manager's interest, bore an appearance truly gratifying. But it was my duty to inspect the gang; they were wretched to a degree, all but naked, eaten up with sores, weakened by flogging, diminishing rapidly, the only exception being a fine healthy child about six years of age. And, on full inquiry, all this order, all this splendour, had been purchased at their expense.

"Much about the same time I was called on to visit another estate, which the proprietors had quitted for some years, and, for about three, had left even without a manager. The house and buildings were in decay, the general cultivation neglected, the appearance of the property, in all respects, the contrast of the other; but that contrast also extended to the gang. The men were stout, healthy, body of labourers. Men, women, and children were well clothed and well fed; their grounds stored with ample provisions; a mother with her nine, another with six children around her; a great grandmother with a numerous progeny, all smiling and cheerful; their cottages well wattle, the inside separated into two or three different compartments, clean to a degree, and each containing a trunk filled with good clothing and some female ornaments. Yet was this plantation in the most remote, the other in the most convenient, part of the country.

"What was this but St. Domingo in its former, and St. Domingo in its present state;—St. Domingo, breathing an air of splendour, but concealing much actual misery; and St. Domingo externally in decay, but containing much real comfort;—the splendour of the one glowing and transitory, the comfort of the other unobtrusive and permanent? And where was the most real, substantial, prosperity? Which condition would the most mathematical statesman, the man who judges of humanity by figures, prefer? What, if both be left alone, will, twenty years hence, be the relative condition of these plantations?"

Hear that, Mr. Borthwick: here is a sample of the calumniated, vituperated colony of Sierra Leone. These are the men whom Mr. Borthwick declares to be more miserable when most happy than the most miserable slaves in Jamaica! I come now to Mr. Borthwick's leg. (*Laughter and cheers*) I am inclined to do my duty even by honouring the shadow of his shoe tie, and, therefore, I am not likely to pass over the calf of his leg. I wish he would come down and show it, because I should like to see what sort of a calf I have to operate upon. (*Laughter.*) I said that a skilful and athletic driver would wield the whip so as to lay open the flank of a mule, and I gave as my authority the reverend Mr. Coulter, who saw it done. Now Mr. Borthwick should in fairness have made the offer to a skilful and athletic driver and not to me, who have had no experience at the business. (*Laughter*) If he will make me a coat as good, as neat, as that which now fits so nicely my body, provided he has not been brought up to the trade, which I am not sure of,—(*Much laughter*) As I have not been brought up to the trade of a negro-driver, it is perfectly fair I should stipulate that he has not been brought up a tailor. If he has not, I will give him £200

if it fits as nicely as this. If he cannot make a coat, not being a tailor, he cannot expect me to lay open his delicate calf,—which I am sure I would not do for the world even if I could,—I not being a negro-driver. (*Laughter.*) Why did he not make the offer to some skilful athletic West Indian driver? Simply because he knew that would be too hazardous an experiment. So much for Mr. Borthwick's leg. (*Laughter.*)

I have now been on *my* legs, Ladies and Gentlemen, for four hours. I commenced at half-past six and it is now half-past ten; and at this late hour I shall only allude to one more point of Mr. Borthwick's lecture. Mr. Borthwick, it seems, would not emancipate the slaves because of the danger of emancipation. Now I challenge Mr. Borthwick to prove the danger of emancipation. (*Applause.*) I am happy to see on this platform a gentlemen intimately connected with a man well known in the literary world,—Sir Stamford Raffles. Now what did Sir Stamford Raffles do when he assumed the command of the island of Java? With one dash of his pen he abolished slavery for ever. (*Cheers.*) Well, what was the result? Did the emancipated slaves refuse to work? No. Was there a decrease in the revenue? No; an increase. Was there more crime? No; during the whole of his government I believe there were but four persons tried and convicted for an offence against the laws of society. What was the consequence when he relinquished the government, and the Island was handed over to the Dutch? Slavery, according to the Dutch form, was again introduced; within a short time no fewer than 500 slaves were executed for rebellion. (*Hear, hear.*) What did Bolivar do in Mexico? Did he think there was any danger in emancipation? No; like Sir Stamford Raffles, with one dash of his pen he blotted out slavery for ever, and every slave rose at once into the condition of a freeman. (*Cheers.*) But Mr. Borthwick says we ought not to think of emancipating at once 800,000 slaves, many of them in a state of ignorance, many of them under the influence of dark and untamed passions. Mr. Borthwick knows that there are not 800,000 slaves in any one place, and, therefore, he ought not to contemplate any danger but that which may result from a particular number in a particular place, whether it be the Cape of Good Hope, Antigua, Martinique, or Jamaica. Now taking the slaves of Jamaica at 330,000, we must deduct half for women. and, surely, Mr. Borthwick will not say that women will become rebels? Surely he who admires the ladies so much will not say that it is amongst them that the planters have to look for the Jaffiers and Pierres who are to destroy them? (*Laughter.*) Deducting the ladies, therefore, Mr. Borthwick, we deduct half the danger. Then we must deduct the children, boys under 12 years of age; they, surely, will not join the rebels; therefore we must send them to their mammams whilst Mr. Borthwick and I discuss the remainder. (*Laughter.*) Mr. Borthwick tells us, that on every estate, two thirds of the slaves are either children, sick, old, or infirm; where is the danger, then, Mr. Borthwick? Will freedom make the child a man; will it make the old man young; the leper clean; the cripple vigorous and athletic? No; the palsied man will still be palsied;—the leprous still a leper;—the cripple still a cripple; there can be no danger from them, and, therefore, we will send them to keep company with the women and children, whilst Mr. Borthwick and I talk about the rest. Again: have not the Wesleyans, and Moravians, and the Missionaries of the Church of England, to say nothing of the Baptists, so cherished by the planters as Mr. Borthwick tells us they are; have not they taught thousands of slaves the religion of peace and righteousness? And would the slaves thus instructed uplift an *arm* to pluck a *single hair* from the head of a planter? Deduct these from the mass,—but send them not to the women and children,—keep them as a body-guard for their dear friends the planters. (*Laughter and cheers.*) Then, again, there are the happy and contented slaves,—the slaves who desire not freedom, who “want no more” they are so happy and comfortable,—these, too, may surely be deducted from the mass,—and then what becomes of the danger? Deducting the women, the chil-

dren, the old men, the sick and infirm, the Christian slaves, and the attached slaves, a sorry remnant will be left behind them. (*Cheers.*) Away, then, with the talk of danger: it is contrary to nature, it is contrary to history, philosophy, and experience to suppose that any danger will ensue. The freed people of colour are loyal to a man; and if any harm should possibly be attempted against them, give them British troops to defend them; but do not place Colone Grignon at their head. We talk of reason, justice, religion, and humanity, and yet we dare not emancipate the slave. Shame on those who thus cry up the phantom danger! (*Hear, hear.*) Let the British people only act as they ought to act—with justice and humanity; and slavery will be abolished immediately, and without danger. (*Loud cheers.*)

Ladies and Gentlemen, I now conclude. I thank you most cordially for your four hours' patience and attention. As I said on a preceding evening, plates will be held at the door, and the collection applied towards defraying the expenses. We have no interest in slavery; we do not live by slavery. No, we are taxed for slavery; we are oppressed by slavery. *Ours* is the cause of humanity; *theirs* of interest; *ours* is the cause of religion and mercy; *theirs* of injustice and tyranny. (*Cheers and hisses.*) I ask you, therefore, in aid of this good cause, to drop your contributions into the plates; and may He who gave the slave the same rights as yourselves, bless you for the deed.

Mr. Thompson was loudly cheered on concluding his address, and the meeting soon afterwards quietly dispersed.



### LECTURE III.

---

On Thursday evening, September 6, Mr. G. THOMPSON delivered his third lecture on the Evils of Colonial Slavery, in the Amphitheatre, Liverpool, to an audience as numerous and respectable as that on any previous evening, at half-past six o'clock.

SAMUEL HOPE, Esq. took the chair, and exhorted the meeting to give their patient, candid, and silent attention, both to Mr. Thompson this evening, and to Mr. Borthwick on Tuesday. As an additional motive for their indulgence to wards Mr. Thompson, he stated that that gentleman had been labouring for some time under severe indisposition, not unattended with alarming symptoms, a fact which he (the chairman) stated on his own responsibility, not having consulted with Mr. Thompson himself on the subject.

Mr. THOMPSON then rose, and was received with much applause. He spoke to the following effect.—Ladies and Gentlemen,—in appearing once more before you on the present occasion, I beg to announce that I have determined on the adoption of a line of conduct to-night, which I trust will be at once as agreeable to you, and equally creditable to myself, as that which I adopted when I had last the honour of appearing before you. I have thought since that night, that it is not justice to the injured negro, whose cause I have the honour to plead,—that it is not just to the various and momentous topics involved in the consideration of the question now before us,—that it is not just to so large and intelligent an auditory as that now before me, or those which I have had the honour of seeing before me on former occasions,—nor is it just to myself, constantly to discuss this question in reference to particular individuals who may from time to time stand forward as advocates of other views than those which I felt it my conscientious duty to adopt. I therefore shall to-night, with your kind permission, leave out of sight both myself and the gentleman who, on two several occasions, has advocated the other side of the question, and come at once to the discussion of those topics which I think of deeper interest and higher moment than any thing that can concern me a humble individual, or any thing that can possibly affect the gentleman who appears on the other side. I may assume, I think, that in doing this, it will not be attributed either to fear of my opponent on the one hand, or to inability on the other hand, for I believe that even my opponent himself will grant, that with regard to these other weapons which are sometimes brought into play on occasions of this kind, we are at least on equal terms. I assure him, that however I may seem to diverge from this resolution in the progress of my reply, I intend to say nothing, that can be personally offensive to him or to any particular individual connected with this great question. (*Applause.*)

However, Ladies and Gentlemen, before I come to that line of argument which I have marked out for myself to-night, I shall just glance at one or two statements, made on Friday night, for the purpose of clearing the way before us. It was then stated that we ought to leave this great question to the Committees of the House of Lords and the House of Commons, whose reports are not yet before the public. Now I humbly submit that we have had quite enough experience of the efficiency of reports sent forth by the House of Commons, and by the House of Lords; quite enough of such committees. Parliamentary speeches and reports, and their efficiency, call upon us most imperatively not to waste a moment, either whilst the committees are sitting, or the reports printing and circulating, knowing that the great measure of emancipation has never been advanced a single step by any thing like a voluntary movement of Parliament, but always in obedience to the impulse of public opinion. (*Hear, hear.*) We have had quite sufficient experience to guide us on the present occasion, without any such delay;

with volumes upon volumes before us, touching the character and the operations of slavery, why should we waste a single moment till these reports are laid before the British public? (*Applause.*) Surely it will not be contended, even by the most zealous supporter of slavery, that we have yet to learn what slavery is? On the bowing of my friend himself we can learn the ancient history of slavery from the Scriptures; we can learn the modern history of slavery from every one who has been in the West Indies; and yet, with this accumulation of evidence from past and present ages, we are called upon to delay expressing our opinion on the subject, until the House of Commons and the House of Lords have put us in possession of fresh information! We shall be glad to add that to our stock of information; but surely we are not to wait till that information is laid before us. (*Applause.*) I beg to make another remark in reference to an illustration which was given of the possibility of a negro infant rising from the condition in which he was born to till one of the highest stations in the colonies. That illustration was, that a slave in the colony of Demerara eventually became a member of the House of Assembly in that island. I beg to remind Mr. Northwick (though I am sure it was an unintentional mistake on his part) that there is no House of Assembly in Demerara; he might, however, have become a member of the Council; it is true that that gentleman was the child of a slave mother, but who was the known and avowed parent of that child? A West India planter, a gentleman residing in that colony, who, happening to adopt a line of conduct which I wish every planter under similar circumstances would adopt, acknowledged his son, brought him up as such, and raised him to the same rank in society which he himself held. (*Hear, hear.*) It was only in consequence of that father being a freeman that the child of a slave raised himself to that eminence, which is so boldly adduced by the gentleman on the other side, to prove that there is nothing in slavery which dooms the child of a slave to interminable bondage. (*Cheers.*) With regard to the attempt made to vitiate a statement which I made relative to the punishment of five negroes for trespassing on Mr. Wildman's estate for the purpose of picking grass; it has not been denied that their only crime was trespass; it was not denied that they were punished in the way described; the block and tackle were not got rid of; the stripes, the shrieks, and groans were not argued away;—what, then, is the vindication of this crime, from which every person endowed with the common feelings of humanity must revolt?—why, forsooth, the magistrate only pronounced the punishment pronounced by the law! Oh, shame on Jamaica, if there be a law to inflict on five innocent individuals so dreadful a punishment as these were compelled to endure! It is stated that they were not brought before the magistrate as before a slave protector. I give Mr. Northwick the full benefit of that distinction, claiming still that he shall grant I spoke the truth when I said that these poor negroes were flogged for picking grass; that I spoke the truth when I described the nature of the punishment inflicted on their bodies, and claiming also the benefit of his admission, that though the guilty knowledge of the mistress did not appear till after their conviction, it did appear previous to the punishment following that conviction. Oh! then, how cruel, not to give them the benefit of this discovery! Suppose they had been condemned to be hanged instead of flogged, would their sentence still have been carried into execution? Shall it be said that because it did not appear before conviction, the parties were not to have the benefit of this discovery of their innocence? Oh, shame, then, on the law of Jamaica, if it could not prevent the evil, even at the eleventh hour!—shame! if an old woman, the mother of a family, were to be exposed naked, before a daughter of fifteen, and a boy of fifteen, who saw her writhing under the murderous lash, and there was not justice enough, there was mercy enough, not humanity enough, to save five slaves from a most cruel punishment, simply because their innocence did not appear prior to conviction before a single magistrate! (*Cheers.*)

I shall not attempt to reply to the comparison which the gentleman drew between me and a certain illustrious individual, who, when he came amongst the sons of God, and was asked whence he came, said, "From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it." I may so far resemble that personage that I have come here from walking up and down upon the earth; but unless the gentleman can show that our objects are similar, I do not think the comparison will serve his purpose. (*Laughter and applause.*)

One word in behalf of the missionary Smith. I learned from the report published in the *Chronicle*, (for I was not present myself,) that Mr. Borthwick said that the death of the missionary Smith was in no way accelerated by the treatment to which he had been subjected in the colony of Demerara. I hold in my hand the substance of two debates in the House of Commons, on the 1st and 11th of June, 1824, on a motion submitted by Mr. (now Lord) Brougham on the subject of the Rev. John Smith, late missionary in Demerara; and also, bound up in the same volume, the report of the London Missionary Society on the proceedings against Mr. Smith, who was tried under martial law on a charge of aiding and assisting the negroes in the rebellion. I beg to refer to page 8 of the substance of the debate in Parliament. Mr. Brougham, in the course of opening the subject, said,

"It appears that Mr. Smith had officiated in the colony of Demerara for seven years. He had maintained during his whole life a character of the most unimpeachable moral purity, which had won not alone the love and veneration of his own immediate flock, but had procured him the respect and consideration of almost all who resided in his neighbourhood. Indeed, there was not a duty of his ministry that he had not discharged with fidelity and zeal. That this was his character is evident even from the papers laid upon the table of that House. These documents, however, disclose but a part of the truth on that point. Before I sit down I shall have occasion to advert to other sources, which show that the character of Mr. Smith was as I have described it; and that those who were best qualified to form an opinion, had borne the highest testimony to his virtuous and meritorious labours. Yet this Christian Minister, thus usefully employed, was dragged from his house, three days after the revolt began, and when it had been substantially quelled, with an indecent haste that allowed not the accommodation even of those clothes which, in all climates, are necessary to human comfort, but which, in a tropical climate, were absolutely essential to health. He was dragged too from his home and his family, at a time when his life was attacked by a disease which, in all probability, would, in any circumstances, have ended in his dissolution; but which the treatment he then received powerfully assisted in its fatal progress. He was first imprisoned, in that sultry climate, in an unwholesome fetid room, exposed to the heat of sun. This situation was afterwards changed, and he was conveyed to a place only suited to the purposes of torture, a kind of damp dungeon, where the floor was over stagnant water, visible through the wide crevices of the boards."

If we are told that Mr. Smith was labouring under a consumption, that only makes the matter worse for those who, seeing him in such a state, dragged him from his home without even a change of clothes, so necessary in that sultry climate; it is only the worse for those who plunged a man in the last stage of consumption, first into an uncovered room, and then confined him in a place where the atmosphere was perfectly impure; where filth and stagnant water were seen through the boards of the floor. (*Hear, hear.*) Let it not be said that Mr. Smith was hale and strong,—let it not be said that he was a healthy man when he went into prison, and was really killed by the treatment he received there; let us acknowledge that he was under the influence of a wasting consumption at the time; and then in what light do the authorities of Demerara appear when they plunge a man, whose guilt is not yet established, into a place so likely to accelerate death,—a place so unfit for his accommodation, if the hand of disease were already upon him? (*Hear, hear.*) Mr. Brougham continues thus;—

"When Mr. Smith was about to be seized, he was first approached with the hollow demand of the officer who apprehended him, commanding him to join the militia of the district. To this he pleaded his inability to serve in that capacity, as well as an exemption founded on the rights of his clerical character. Under the pretext of this refusal, his person was arrested, and his papers were demanded, and taken pos

session of Amoset there was his private journal, a part of which was written with the intention of being communicated to his employers alone, while the remaining part was intended for no human eye but his own. In this state of imprisonment he was detained, although the revolt was then entirely quelled. That it was so quelled, is ascertained from the despatches of General Murray to Earl Bathurst, dated the 25th of August. At least the despatch of that date admits that the public tranquillity was nearly restored, and at all events, by subsequent despatches, of the date of the 20th and 21st, it appears that no further disturbance had taken place; nor was there from that time any insurrectionary movement whatever. At that period the colony was in the enjoyment of its accustomed tranquillity, barring always those chances of reprisal, which in such a state of public feeling, and in such a structure of society, must be supposed always to exist, and to make the recurrence of irritation and tumult more or less probable. Martial law, it will be recollected, was proclaimed on the 16th of August, and was continued to the 15th of January following—five calendar months, although there is the most unquestionable proof that the revolt had subsided and ended, that all appearance of it had vanished. In a prison, such as has been described, Amoset remained until the 14th day of October. Then, when every pretence of real and immediate danger was over; when every thing like apprehension, save from the state of colonial society, was removed; it was thought fit to bring to trial, by a military court-martial, this Minister of the Gospel."

Thus it appears that for a period of five or six months was this holy man confined in a noisome prison, and then he was *manumitted*. He left oppression and cruelty in Demerara for that land of liberty, life, and love, where he is now enjoying that beatific vision of which the authorities in Demerara and in the other colonies would deprive those who are now being taught the way of life and salvation. (*Cheers.*) Whilst on the subject of Christian missionaries allow me, Ladies and Gentlemen, to allude, once more, to those celebrated resolutions of the year 1844, signed by John Shipman, on behalf of the other missionaries in the island of Jamaica. I hold in my hand the minutes of the 89th annual Conference of the Wesleyan Methodists, begun in Liverpool, on the 25th of July, 1852, on the subject of slavery; and perhaps I may be permitted, without the charge of trespassing too much on the patience of the auditory, to put them in possession of the whole of this article. The first question to which I shall call your attention is,

" Shall any further means be adopted by the Conference to promote the early and entire abolition of slavery in the British dominions ?

" Answer 1. The conference feels that it is rendered imperative upon it, by every disclosure of the real character of colonial slavery, to repeat its solemn conviction of the great moral guilt which the maintenance of that system entails upon our country; and, year by year, until some effectual step shall be taken by Government to terminate it, to call upon the members of the Wesleyan societies throughout Great Britain and Ireland to promote that important event by their prayers, by their influence, by diffusing all such communications as may convey correct information on this subject, by supporting those institutions which are actively engaged in obtaining for our enslaved fellow-men and fellow-subjects the rights and privileges of civil freedom, and by considerately and most conscientiously giving their votes at the election of members of Parliament only to those candidates for their suffrages, in whose just views and honest conduct on this important question they have entire confidence."

And here, Ladies and Gentlemen, two ideas present themselves to my mind : first, we are charged with using improper means to influence the return of certain persons to the Commons' House of Parliament ; and 2dly, we are told that when the missionaries of any other sect than the Baptists sailed to offer their services in the island of Jamaica, there was not a planter in that large and influential island that was not disposed to exert heart, hand, and purse to assist those who went out to communicate religious instruction to the negroes. Now let us hear what the Conference says on this subject.

" The Conference also feels itself called upon to express its deep sense of the injustice done to its missionaries in the island of Jamaica, and of the outrages committed upon the property of the mission there, in the destruction of five chapels by lawless mobs of white persons, notwithstanding the peaceable conduct of



the slaves connected with the Wesleyan societies during the late insurrection, and the acknowledged prudent conduct of their missionaries. These circumstances serve to impress the Conference more deeply with the painful truth, that the system of slavery is frequently even more corrupting to the heart and more destructive of religious influence in the agents of the slave proprietors in the colonies than in the slaves themselves, and afford additional and most powerful reasons for the renewed efforts of the friends of religious liberty, of negro instruction, and of the extension of the kingdom of our Saviour in the world, by the instrumentality of Christian missions, to obtain for the slaves, and for those who labour in the charitable work of their instruction, a security for the exercise of the rights of conscience, which nothing can effect but the entire and speedy abolition of the system of slavery itself. The Conference further expresses its affectionate sympathy with the missionaries in the island of Jamaica, in the sufferings and injuries to which they have been so unrighteously subjected, through the intolerance and violence of wicked and unreasonable men. And, whilst it gratefully records its testimony to their excellent conduct, in neither betraying the principles of eternal justice and morality as to the civil condition of the slaves, nor mixing themselves up, whilst employed in their mission, with such discussions on the case as might be dangerous, it exhorts them still to cultivate the same spirit, to exert the same zeal for the instruction and salvation of the population of the West India colonies, and to walk steadfastly by those excellent rules which are embodied in their printed instructions."

I now come to that part which refers to the famous resolutions of 1824, and I beg you to remark the opinion of the Conference about them.

"The Conference more especially expresses its approbation of the conduct of the missionaries who have been now for several years employed in Jamaica; because at a former period, through the unfaithfulness of one, and the timid apprehensions of two others, some resolutions were published in the year 1824, bearing a construction far too favourable as to the condition of slaves, and the general state of society there, which resolutions were condemned by the missionary committee for the time being, and by the ensuing Conference. And, since these resolutions have been lately made use of as evidence in favour of the system of slavery, the Conference repeats its strong disapprobation of them, as conveying sentiments opposed to those which the Conference has, at all times, held on the subject of negro slavery, and not less so, to the views and convictions of the great majority of its missionaries who have been, and now are employed in the West India Colonies."

Nothing could be more conclusive than the passage which I have now had the honour of laying before this assembly, and I trust we shall now hear no more of resolutions got up in a spirit of truckling and intimidation by one bribed and two timid men, printed at the expense of the West India body, circulated by thousands, and still referred to, though repudiated at the time, and now in the year 1832, brought before a most numerous sitting of the annual Conference, and denounced and disowned, and the persons who got them up, described—two as timid, and one unfaithful. (*Loud applause.*)

Another word with regard to Hayti. I do not know why it is that Hayti is for ever brought upon the tapis to scare the English nation from doing their duty towards the slaves in the British colonies. Why is Hayti thus spoken of? I had the honour to introduce before you on Thursday evening a gentleman who had resided for twelve years in the Island of St. Domingo, who declared the peasantry of that island to be the happiest he had ever met with, and that gentleman has travelled much both in Europe and America, and who told you it was utterly false that the negroes were made to cultivate the soil at the point of the bayonet. On the face of it, this mode of coercion appears to be perfectly impossible. Will any body on the other side describe to us the amount of the discipline inflicted on the negroes in St. Domingo, as we can describe the discipline on

cane pieces in the West India colonies? It is easy to imagine a gang of thirty slaves on every such cane piece,—men, women, and children, under the management of the self-same driver, leading them on to labour by the cruel whip,—stimulating their languid frames by the whip, and supplying motives to the mind by torturing the body; but here, in St. Domingo, there are a thousand motives for exertion free from personal coercion, and I am sure no one can point out how a mode of discipline like that generally spoken of by the opposite party, as existing in St. Domingo, can be maintained. How can men be kept to labour by the point of the bayonet? The gentleman who addressed you lived for twelve years on the island; he travelled over its length and its breadth again and again; he has gone from one end of it to the other with mules laden with treasure, and slept, night after night, in open places, and never met with the slightest molestation; he had been present at all descriptions of labour, and he never saw any thing like coercion used to obtain the products of the earth. He likewise declares that never was greater industry displayed in the world than may be seen about the docks and quays of that island,—and this, too, in the absence of all coercive measures. He himself saved 50 per cent. in wages in one year by introducing a graduated scale of task work, instead of paying the labourers by the day, as before; and he declares that he never saw men put forth greater energies, or work with more willingness than those employed by himself and other persons in the island in this manner.

Now with regard to East India sugar, and West India sugar; it cannot be shown that the produce sold here as the produce of free labour is the produce of slave labour; it cannot be shown that the slavery of the East Indies bears any resemblance to the slavery in the West Indies. It has been shown by a gentleman now on this platform, that the two systems are not comparable in atrocity, and it is well known that the anti-slavery world are most willing to enter into the details of this part of the subject. But even if what is called East India slavery were all that it is said to be, will Mr. Borthwick vindicate the continuance of slavery on that score? Will two blacks make a white? two wrongs a right? Will our friends on the other side never leave off palliating one crime by reference to another crime? (*Applause.*) One word more with regard to Mr. Jeremie:—not one of his facts has been impugned; it has not been shown that he has erred in one single circumstance which he has stated; and the only mode of defence, or rather the only mode of opposition adopted against those invaluable documents, the “Four Essays on Colonial Slavery,” is the assertion that St. Lucia was a French colony, and that we are not answerable for the abominations and crimes committed on an island which but recently came into our possession. But Mr. Jeremie went to St. Lucia in 1826, and remained there till 1829, and that island was ceded to us in 1815, so that there was quite sufficient time to introduce improvements if any had been intended. It is universally acknowledged that the French slave-owners are more lenient in their treatment of their slaves than the English proprietors, and as an instance of this I may mention the following fact, the truth of which can be vouched by the most unquestionable authority. An English gentleman went to the island of Trinidad during the time it was in the possession of the French, and whilst there visited an estate, the proprietor of which, a Frenchman, told him that his slaves were contented and happy. The gentleman was anxious to see the slaves himself, in order that he might ascertain their real condition; he was accordingly led to the plantation, but the gang of slaves upon it, the moment they observed the stranger, seemed very much terrified, and endeavoured to fly. The gentleman thinking it was of their master they were afraid, said to him, “Are these your happy slaves, who are frightened and run away the moment you come near them?” The planter replied, “I never saw any thing like this before; it must be of you that they are afraid; but we will ask themselves.” They accordingly approached the slaves; the master asked why they had fled at the

approach of himself and his friend, and the answer he got was, that they saw an Englishman, that they were afraid they were about to be sold to an Englishman, and therefore fled, because an English master was the worst master an unfortunate slave could have. (*Hear.*) Well, then, if the French be more humane to their slaves than the English, what possible service can it render to the other side to say that the crimes practised at St. Lucia were chargeable on the French? (*Applause.*) Neither will the gentleman forget the affecting anecdote related by Mungo Park of one of those abandoned negroes whom we have heard described as such insensate beings, not only without two ideas, but almost without one,—an anecdote almost sufficient to make us blush for our race. Mungo Park relates that being invited into the hut of one of these rude and barbarous beings, and hesitating a little on the threshold with some appearance of distrust, the owner said to him, “Why do you fear to enter my hut? Do you take me for a white man?”—an affecting instance of the light in which the negroes view the honesty and humanity of the whites in comparison with their own.

Looking at the line of defence which has been adopted on this occasion, I do not admit that the appeals you have heard from Mr. Borthwick can be called any thing but a defence of colonial slavery. Let every thing, therefore, be called by its proper name. We are seeking to obtain the emancipation of the negro;—how?—by fair and manly means. On what principles?—on Christian principles. To whom do we appeal?—to unpacked audiences of 3000 of our countrymen; half collected by the West India body, half by ourselves. (*Applause.*) We appeal to your judgments; for authority we appeal to the Scriptures; for argument and illustration to the wrongs and woes, the sighs and groans of captives for centuries, of the men and women in the colonies, whose natural rights ever have been, and still are, as sacred as our own. (*Loud applause.*) What then!—this being our object, this being our glorious goal, whilst we are patiently and steadily pressing onwards towards that goal, who comes across our path? Men who call themselves evil genii; men who come to hunt the advocates of this measure on these principles, like an evil genius, and yet we are called upon by them to say and to believe that they are working in the same vineyard with ourselves; that they are sowing for the same harvest with ourselves; fighting for the same glorious conquest with ourselves. (*Applause.*) If they be, why, then, vituperate us; why defame our society; why revile and desecrate our principles? why thwart our benevolent views? If our objects be one; if our wishes be one, why are we thwarted? I say to defend slavery. (*Cries of “No, no,” and “Yes, yes.”*) I repeat it—to defend British colonial slavery. No other object can those have who would resist or thwart measures which have for their object the safe, equitable, and righteous settlement of this long-debated question. (*Loud applause.*) What! do they fear lest we should run too fast in the race of humanity? Do they fear lest the system should come to the ground too soon; that the slave should rise into the condition of a free and happy peasant too soon? Would they wait till the last Ethiopian stretched out his hands to God, before they granted the boon of freedom? Would they have us refrain from lifting up our voices, like the sound of the ram’s horn, before we bring down the walls of their infernal Jericho, and leave not a stone standing? (*Loud applause.*) It is declared that the only difference between us is, the difference between to-day and to-morrow. What! all this fuss about to-day and to-morrow,—we wanting to do it to-day and they to-morrow: we wanting to do it immediately and they gradually? Why, do they not remember that ours *was* a society to procure gradual emancipation for the negro; that ours *was* a society for the gradual abolition of slavery? And were they less hostile to us then than they are now? When we were professing the very principles which they now profess, did they labour with us? Did they subscribe to the funds of our society? No: they were as hostile to us then as they are now; but now the only part of the political machine which served their interests being about to be done away with in a reformed Parliament, they find it

necessary to make up the deficiency by an active agency, like that which I have had the pleasure of witnessing in this place. (*Applause.*) They tell us that they were in haste to the abolition of the slave trade; whence then arose the necessity for the frequent and protracted labours of a Clarkson, a Wilberforce, and a Granville Sharpe? How was it that when Granville Sharpe, in this very town, was collecting evidence on the subject of the slave trade, he was nearly pushed from the pier into the sea, to be buried beneath the waves? Why was that deadly hostility continued to the very hour that the diabolical traffic was destroyed? Those who defended the slave trade then are those who defend slavery now; the same class of men, living the same situations in society, having the same interest in the system, and consequently, of them, identically the same persons. (*Hear, hear.*) They can now have only one of two motives in view: let them take their choice. They are either acting on the motive I have described, namely, a desire to perpetuate the system, or they want to come in at the death with us and share our triumph; a very dastardly piece of conduct this. (*Laughter.*) No; it shall not be allowed, unless they will manfully say, "We have been in the wrong, and you are in the right." Let them do this, and then we will give them the right hand of fellowship, and walk onwards together until the last stone of this horrible fabric tumbles to the ground; but whilst they insidiously profess to support emancipation,—at the same time calumniating, thwarting, and opposing us,—they are the friends of slavery, and not of its abolition. (*Loud applause.*) Now for another part of the subject:—I have on previous occasions traced the history of colonial slavery and exhibited the dangers and evils of colonial slavery, and I shall now attempt very briefly to show how colonial slavery has been and still is upheld; how various influential portions of society are delightfully dovetailed together for the purpose of continuing this iniquitous system. Why has colonial slavery been continued to the present hour? Because there has always been a mighty phalanx of resistance planned and organized by bigotry and selfishness for the purpose of hindering that from being done which was sought to be done by the representatives of the feelings and opinions of the British people. Who are the defenders of colonial slavery? I will enumerate them in order that you may know who they are, who they have been, and who will be the defenders of the system until the work is accomplished, and the negro stretches his free limbs to heaven and thanks God that he is at length a man and a brother. Absentee proprietors are, and always have been the defenders of slavery. I make exceptions,—I know that there are many good and benevolent men amongst them, and therefore I speak generally when I say that absentee proprietors have been and still are the most firm and influential defenders of British colonial slavery. And where are they found? In the Privy Council of His Majesty.—Where are they found? In the House of Lords with coronets on their brows.—Where are they found? In the House of Commons legislating for this free, happy, and Christian country.—Where are they found? Amongst the most influential inhabitants of Liverpool, Bristol, Glasgow, and London.—Where do they reside? Find the biggest house, and that most probably belongs to one of them; go to the principal squares and streets in London, Bristol, Glasgow, or Liverpool,—and how are they tenanted? By titled, aristocratic, and noble, absentee proprietors. (*Loud applause.*) Some of them possess boroughs,—I say garden, they *did* possess boroughs. (*Laughter and applause.*) Some *did* possess boroughs, many possess wealth, all possess influence, and these boroughs, *old* wealth, and that influence were offered on the polluted shrine of avice and oppression. Who are the defenders of colonial slavery? The planters abroad and the resident proprietors. ("Who are they in Liverpool?") Our friend asks, "who are they in Liverpool?" Perhaps the secretary to the West India Association will tell him. I am not prepared with the Court Journal or Chronicle of the men of Liverpool. (*Laughter.*) Who are the defenders of colonial slavery? The planters in the West Indies. And



who are the planters in the West Indies? Nineteen-twentieths utterly insolvent, verging on bankruptcy, under the tyranny either of the proprietor on the one hand, or the mortgagee on the other. Do the planters speak their own words? No. Do they breathe their own sentiments? No. Do they tell honestly the result of their own experience? No. Of whom do they do the bidding? Of a proud aristocratical body in England, known by the name of the West India body, and I need not describe to the people of Liverpool how much the planter of the West Indies is the minion, the puppet, the slave of the mortgagee; I need not tell them how much interest he has to pay for the capital lent to him; I need not tell them that he is forced, by the condition of the loan, to send the produce of his plantation to that very money-lender here; I need not say how much he is, therefore, the slave and victim of the man who could be his ruin whenever interest, passion, or caprice might dictate such a course. I need not describe what interest the mortgagee has in keeping up the system, for who does not know that the name of every slave on the property mortgaged is registered on the parchments of this gentleman, and that the emancipation of the slaves would be the annihilation of the better half of his security? Why do they make eloquent speeches in Parliament? Why do they lavish their pity on the planter? Because their hearts are in their strong box,—their hearts are where their treasure is. Why not pity the slave? Why not acknowledge the rights of the slave? Because he is the slave of others,—not of his employer, for his name is written on parchment, he is transferred to others, body and soul, and therefore they must resist emancipation,—for by subscribing to emancipation they would destroy their own unhallowed securities. (*Applause.*) Now I contend in the first place, that this system of mortgage is unholy and unnatural,—that a living, rational, and immortal being should have his name put on paper or parchment that money may be raised on his devoted head, is unholy, unnatural, unchristian, and unlawful. (*Cheers.*) See him at work in the colonies to prevent manumissions. (*Hear, hear.*) For how can the master, however humane and benevolent he may be, manumit the slaves who belong to another? Again,—the man who holds mortgaged slaves sees no hope of repaying the money borrowed but through their labour, and therefore he is reckless of their interest and welfare, and gets out of them as much as he can in order to meet the demands of the rapacious money-lender, who, he knows, can turn him out of the possession of his West India property if the money be not forthcoming. This system of mortgage likewise contributes greatly to the ruin of the planter. How many planters it *has* ruined I need not attempt to describe, but it must be evident to all that when a man can bring himself to lend money on such security, he is very likely to tyrannise over his victim, and hasten his destruction in order that he may possess himself of the property which the other is unable to redeem.

Who, I ask again, defends colonial slavery? Fifty, sixty, seventy, or eighty packed men in the House of Commons, sent there by West Indian money, and West Indian influence, on the sole condition that they will uphold West Indian slavery; and this brings me to a part of the subject animadverted on last Friday night. I am accused of unjustly and improperly interfering in electioneering matters;—will the Honourable Gentleman say that the interference of the boroughmongers in past times, sending seventy or eighty members to the House of Commons, who held their seats on the simple condition of defending slavery, was just and proper? What! is it improper in an Englishman to speak on this subject before an audience of 2000 of his fellow-countrymen in his native town? What! is it improper to appeal to their judgment as to the manner in which the elective franchise ought to be exercised? What! is it improper and unjust to endeavour to inform their judgment when the franchise must be exercised properly, in proportion as the judgment is informed, and the conscience awakened? Is this any thing like the influence exercised by the boroughmongers? If it is, *where* is the point of resemblance? None; there is no resemblance whatever.

It is competent to that man—it is competent to me—it is competent to any one to express an opinion on the subject; you cannot prevent it; you might as well attempt to proscribe conversation about election matters in the parlour or at the dinner table; you might as well attempt to prevent the candidates going round from door to door, finding out, for the first time, that the children are pretty, the women amiable, and the men deserving. (*Laughter and applause.*) When I speak on a great moral, momentous, and vital question, I am accused of improperly swaying the minds of the people as to the vote they shall give at the coming election; but let me describe to you the system which has hitherto prevailed—has paralyzed the efforts of the best men in the Commons' House of Parliament up to the present moment, and then you will see the propriety and justice of what is called our improper and unjust interference. As I have said, seventy or eighty packed men were sent to the House of Commons to uphold the West India interest. Now, suppose that a young Minister has just come into power—suppose that some individual has been appointed Premier in the place of another, we read in the papers, two or three days after his exaltation to office, that “a certain distinguished Nobleman has had a long audience of the Premier, at Downing-street; but the purport of the conversation between them has not transpired.” Now, suppose we *make* it transpire. Imagine the Premier sitting alone, with all his blushing honours thick upon him,—bright visions of place, power, patronage, and pelf hovering round him; he sees a long vista of uncles, aunts, and cousins to be provided for, either in church or state, either at home, in Egypt, India, or some where else; and just whilst he is dreaming of the delights of office, a footman taps at the door, the Marquis of so-and-so is announced, and then the Marquis—(“*Question, question.*”)—That man who cries question, reminds one of the Irishman who kept the two shells and threw away the fish. I am just coming to the pith and marrow of the subject, and then he cries “question.” (*Laughter.*) The Marquis having been thus announced, steps in, and taking the new Minister by both his hands, exclaims, “My dear, dear Lord, how glad I am to see you; I congratulate you most cordially on your accession to power. I always thought you were born to become a Minister. When you made your maiden speech in the House of Commons, I said, ‘that man is born to become a Minister.’ Long may you live to guide the state vessel through the quick-sands, shoals, and shelves which surround her, for no hand is better qualified to perform the task than yours. Pray, what is your opinion on the West Indian question?” (*Much laughter and applause.*) “Why, really,” says the new made Minister, “your Lordship turns very sharp upon me, I have only been four days in power, and you come to me with the tremendous question—‘What is to be done with the West India interest?’” And then the Minister, after a short pause, will perhaps say, “Why, my Lord, I have always been friendly to the settlement of this question, and it is my design to exercise all my influence, in order to get it satisfactorily settled.” And then the Noble Marquis pulls a long face, and says, “Indeed, my Lord; and is that *really* your opinion?” “Why,” says the Minister, “I consider that religion, honour, and humanity require me to pursue this course, now that I am in power.” “Why,” exclaims the Noble Marquis, “you will lose the colonies! You will injure the commercial interests of the country! You will alienate the good opinion of the great mass of the community, and that great and influential portion which is connected with the West India colonies? Do you not know, my Lord, that we have seventy or eighty gentlemen in the Commons' House of Parliament? And do you not know, my Lord, that we can unseat you in the very first Ministerial division, and put a stopper, and a most effectual one, upon all your lofty soarings after place and power?” Then the Minister imagines that he feels his chair totter beneath him—his bright visions are overshadowed—he anticipates a fall, and says, “On second consideration, my Lord, I give you my word of honour as a gentleman and a Peer, that I will do nothing to affect the interes-

of the West India body." "Spoken like a statesman!" exclaims the other. "Whilst you hold this policy, we are your most obedient humble servants. Good morning." (*Much laughter and applause.*)

I need not further describe how Ministers from the time of Elizabeth, that glorious era in British history, when the virtuous, amiable, and good Queen Bess, was deluded by Sir John Hawkins. (*Hisscs.*) I hope you will not hiss again, when I am speaking of the ladies, however you may hiss the gentlemen. If you wish me to keep my temper you must not hiss the ladies. (*Laughter.*) I say from that time down to the present hour the Ministers of England have licked the dust before the West India body, and never was I more fired with indignation when I read in the parliamentary debates, that, after thousands upon thousands of Anti-slavery petitions asserting the rights of the negro and praying for his manumission, had been presented to both Houses, and laid aside unnoticed at the very moment when the Earl of Harewood presented a petition from a body of men, who assembled in the City of London Tavern, the prayer of that petition was granted. (*Hear.*) Why was it granted? Because of this influence, and for no other reason whatever. Lord Goderich had repeatedly asserted that it was unnecessary to appoint committees or have any further inquiry. In a letter addressed to the governors of the Crown colonies, and dated November 6th, 1831, he declared that Government had already volume on volume of evidence, and wanted no more, and yet when the Earl of Harewood presented this petition in the House of Lords, a committee was appointed *nem. con.*! This was not as it ought to have been. A noble stand should have been made against the West India body on this occasion, for I need not describe what sort of persuasion it was that induced the Ministry to grant a committee of inquiry which they had declared a short time before to be perfectly useless. (*Hear, hear.*) What are committees of inquiry on this question? Nothing but another name for delay. As well might they call a committee of inquiry to know whether, if a man swallowed arsenic he was in danger of being poisoned, as call a committee of inquiry, as this has been called, to ascertain the true character of colonial slavery; the nature of the laws, the degree of improvement, &c. &c. to inquire whether they flog men, women, and children, in the West Indies; to inquire whether the British nation is to trample on all law, trample upon all religion, justice, and humanity by upholding a system so dreadful as that of West Indian slavery (*Loud applause.*) The petitions of the British nation were disregarded in the House of Commons. Yet on the presentation of one single petition from the City of London Tavern, in the House of Lords, a committee was immediately granted, and granted without an "if" by the House of Lords, and the Ministry assented to it. I do not impugn the motives of these men; I mention this fact to show the influence of the West India body; I say that honest as they may be, desirous as I know they are of early emancipation, knowing as they do that they are supported by the country, they can never do it, if you leave it to committees, they can never do it if you leave it to Parliament, they can never do it if you leave it to ministers themselves: public opinion alone can break down the door of the prison-house, and let the oppressed go free. (*Much applause.*) Ay,—and the end of the West India body will be gained if you leave it to committees; I warn you not to do so;—their end will be gained if you leave it to the House of Commons and the House of Lords; I warn you not;—their end will be gained if you leave it to Ministers; I warn you not. 'Tis your work,—'tis my work,—'tis every man's work,—and if in your hearts and consciences,—if in your mind and judgment the work ought to be done,—do it yourselves. (*Loud cheers.*) It is a vulgar expression, but I will use it, however I may be censured for doing so,—what we now want is "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether." (*Much a applause.*)

However, thanks to schedules A and B, the strong holds of West India slavery in this country are broken down; Old Gatton is defunct; Sarum has gone to the

Jonah of the Capitalists; Spencer Kilderbee is a Member of Parliament no more for ever; Irving has been drummed out of Clitheroe. Whether an unbought popular electioneering will send a West Indian to Parliament, I know not; but if they estimate their power aright, and remember that they act in the sight of their country and their God, they will send no man to Parliament who does not pludge himself to oppose the system of slavery. Who make Members of Parliament? The people. Who form their consciences, and teach them to say "Ay" and "No" in proper places?—The people. Who snored on the benches, and voted with Chandos? Who coughed and scraped when Wilberforce pleaded the cause of the negroes?—Those who were elected when the nation was asleep, and Honour, justice, and virtue, were forgotten. (*Applause.*) I say again, you have to choose them; you make them; you form their consciences and opinions; and if you neglect your duty, you will seal the destinies of 500,000 human beings now living in slavery in our colonies. (*"What do you say to Buxton? He has slaves and puts the money in his pocket."*) He has no slaves, and I defy any one to prove that he ever had. (*"He makes his money on Sundays."*) If he made his servants toil every Sunday in the year, is that any reason why 500,000 human beings should remain slaves? (*Loud applause.*) Is Mr. Buxton's beer brewed on the Sunday to inundate and drown the humanity of the million? If you go to Spitalfields, or Liverpool, or any other place, and tell me of the hard labour and distress existing there, I lament it; but to bring it forward when a man is pleading the cause of 800,000 human beings is mean and despicable in the extreme. (*Loud applause.*) It matters not to me, it matters not to the immutable principles of justice and mercy, if every member of the Anti-slavery Society be the vilest and most inconsistent man on the face of the earth, and every member of the West India Association the most humane, the most pious, the most heaven-like being that ever walked the earth; it matters not, if the fact be, what it is, that 800,000 human beings are personal bondmen within the precincts of the British dominions. (*Loud applause.*)

In estimating the array of force against us on this question, we ought never to forget all the family connexions of these gentlemen, their wives—Heaven bless them!—and their children; and their brothers, and uncles, and aunts, and all their dear expectant relatives and friends, waiting for dead men's shoes, and reversions of West India property. (*Hisses.*) It will not serve their cause to interrupt me thus. We ought not to forget either the ladies or the gentlemen, either the young or the old, either the beautiful or the ugly; we ought not to forget the captains, the clerks, and coopers, many of whom can lend a hand if necessary, even in the Liverpool Amphitheatre, for aiding the cause of West India slavery. (*Laughter and applause.*) Nor must we forget the delightful stories told by individual visitors to the colonies; ladies and gentlemen who have absolutely seen the West Indies, sat in the house of the planter, and come home to describe Jamaica and the other islands as so many Paradises, and persuade us that the peasantry of our own country are far worse off than the labouring population of the West Indies. And pray whom did these ladies and gentlemen go to see, the planter or the slave? The planter.—At whose table did they dine? The planter's table.—On whose couch did they sleep? The planter's couch. Whose friends were they?—The planter's friends. Whose wine did they drink? The planter's wine.—With whose daughter did they dance? The planter's daughter.—On whose horse did they ride? The planter's horse.—In whose ship did they come home? The Liverpool merchant's ship. And yet these gentlemen who came home, and ladies too—for ladies do sometimes plead the cause of slavery—these parties think themselves perfectly qualified to draw a correct picture of slavery in the West India colonies.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."

And then the delightful patronage of this system, the popping of people into nice places, the appointment of governors and their dependants, and the very



nice and accommodating births to be filled up, as managers, overseers, clerks, and so forth, and so forth, all contribute to the support of the system. Another support is the subornation of the press, the hiring of the press. It is a notorious fact, known to all the world, that a great portion of the press of this country is bribed to uphold the system of colonial slavery. (*Hisses and applause.*) I say that the press has been bribed. I know that the conductor of a Glasgow paper has received many thousand pounds, voted to him by colonial Houses of Assembly and the West India body at home, for advocating the cause of the planters and supporting slavery. Another source from which the system receives support is the ignorance of the British public; and I say that ignorance on this subject is, to a certain extent, crime also. We have been wilfully ignorant on the subject; we have not opened our eyes to the fact before us; we have not examined into the nature of British colonial slavery, else our fears would have been alarmed, our humanity shocked, our religion exercised, and, ere this, (but for our ignorance, our wilful ignorance,) we should have got rid of this odious system. Pride has done much, and timidity has done more, to prevent its — (*Hisses.*) I hear a hiss: is it not as I have said? He who is not with us is against us. The timid amongst mankind are hanging back, from an apprehension of the danger of emancipation, simply because they will not take the pains to ascertain the truth. Their fears would be removed if they only came to light to be examined. Compare the danger of the abolition of the system with the danger of its continuance, and that of abolition will sink to nothing. A great many inconsistent people do not like slavery themselves, and would wish to get rid of it; but they have no pity or concern for the slaves in the West Indies. Charles James Fox, who was as great a friend to liberty as any man, said that to compare personal slavery with political slavery was a base imposture; they should not be mentioned in the same breath; and there was no comparison whatever between the thralldom of the negro and that of the British community. Many are not labouring with us because they do not properly estimate their own value in society; they are for leaving it to somebody else with more riches, more power, and influence than themselves, forgetting that this is a personal question, that all men are bound to labour in this vineyard; that they can set an example to others; and though they deplore their own insignificance, and properly and laudably too; though they think meanly of themselves, such thoughts ought not to hinder them from doing what they can, remembering that what they do may reprove sin in high quarters, and tend to promote the great work of negro emancipation. (*Applause.*) Therefore, I say, let no man keep back from an idea of the insignificance of what he can do in this cause, for, as the *Westminster Review* has justly observed, every sixpence given by an old woman to promote the emancipation of the negro creates a pang in the heart of the lordly West Indian. (*Applause.*)

Allow me now just to recapitulate the various supporters of slavery; first, absentee proprietors,—then mortgagees,—then resident planters,—then all the tradespeople connected with the colonies,—then members of the West India body, or their delegates, in both Houses of Parliament,—then the families and connexions of these individuals,—the individual visitors who have tasted the planter's good cheer, without examining into the condition of the slaves,—then patronage,—the subornation of the press,—then the timidity of those men who think that danger would attend emancipation, without inquiring into the foundation of their apprehensions; and, lastly, an insignificant view of ourselves, which paralyzes all our exertions.

Now, what is the mode of defence set up for the continuance of West India slavery?—As they allege, slavery should not be touched with a hasty or inconsiderate hand, because it is a very ancient system. This one of the arguments set up for its continuance; but if crime were to be justified because it was of ancient origin, then we might vindicate murder on the very same principle, for

every body knows that Cain was a murderer when he slew his brother Abel. But then there is the scriptural argument for the system of slavery. The scriptural argument is drawn from these passages :—

"Moreover of the children of the strangers that do sojourn among you, of them shall ye buy, and of their families that are with you, which they begat in your land : and they shall be your possession. And ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit *them* for a possession; they shall be your bondmen for ever : but over your brethren the children of Israel, ye shall not rule one over another with rigour."—*Leviticus* XXV, 45, 46.

These are the only passages quoted from the Old Testament to show that slavery is not sinful ; but let us take the general tenor of the Old Testament before we come to any decision on that point. I find the state of the argument as drawn from the Old Testament to be briefly this ;—slavery was invariably, when sanctioned by Almighty God, a judicial punishment appointed by himself in consequence of the crimes of the people subjected to its rigour. This was invariably the case with regard to all the instances which had in the remotest degree the sanction of Heaven. The slavery was that of condemned criminals of the Canaanitish nation, whom the children of Israel were ordered to drive out before them and utterly destroy ; and every one may read in the eighteenth chapter of *Leviticus* a long and alarming detail of the crimes previously perpetrated by the nations whom the children of Israel were thus ordered utterly to exterminate ; and I beseech the gentleman who opposes me, if he does not mean to misrepresent Scripture, to investigate this subject for himself. If he does so he will find that the slavery we were speaking of, the very slavery he seems to contend was established for ever, was a commutation of the sentence of death passed upon the Canaanitish nations ; that a remnant of those nations being left, the sentence of death seems to have been commuted into a sentence of slavery, and it was from them that the children of Israel were to buy their bondmen and their bondwomen. I should enter more fully into this point if I had time and strength ; unfortunately I have neither ; but I assure this large and respectable auditory, that I have at a very, very great sacrifice of own comfort and personal health, been at considerable pains, since the gentleman mooted this argument, in tracing the history of slavery as given in the Old Testament, and I am prepared to prove that the slavery of the Scriptures is invariably a judicial slavery, inflicted on nations and people who were doomed to death, and that in no one instance is man allowed without the sanction of the Almighty to seize upon his fellow man and reduce him to slavery. (*Loud applause.*) The gentleman will also find that in no one instance was it ever assumed or ever acted upon that continuance in slavery for any length of time, rendered the subjects of that system unfit for the enjoyment of liberty. Almost in every instance their emancipation was instantaneous whenever it was resolved that their crimes had been atoned for ; that when their right to liberty was acknowledged it was never assumed or acted upon that their continuance in slavery presented any bar to their entrance into a state of liberty. Again, the gentleman will find that there is a great deal of difference between *prophecy* and *permission*, between *permission* and sanction ; a crime prophesied is not therefore a crime *sanctioned*,—a crime permitted is not therefore a crime approved. The gentleman alluded to certain prophecies regarding slavery, but I think he will admit with me that the pre-annunciation of any crime is not the *permission* of that crime ; that the prophecy that Canaan should be cursed, and his children the slave of slaves, was no sanction, no permission of that system of slavery which subsequently came into operation. Again, the same Scriptures invariably record God's anger and indignation against all acts of cruelty and oppression, and direct that even in the enslavement of the Canaanites, the paramount doctrines of justice and mercy were to be observed, and in that very prophecy which has been alluded to, it is said that vengeance belongs to God, and He will repay it. He will not allow mortal man to

"Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod,

"He judges His justice—he the God of God."

It appears, therefore, that though man, in this instance, with the sanction of Almighty God, might enslave his fellow-man, as a commutation of the sentence of death passed upon him, he might not oppress him, he might not enslave others without such sanction, and tyrannize over them from any inclination or motive of his own. The gentleman has laid great stress upon the 25th chapter of Leviticus. I request his attention to the 10th verse of that chapter; for there it distinctly appears that although as long as the Canaanites remained in the land, as long as a remnant of them remained, the children of Israel were permitted to buy such as they required as servants and bondmen; yet at the year of jubilee not only the Hebrew bondmen, but also the Canaanitish slaves were to be free, as appears from the passage: "And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout ALL the land unto ALL the inhabitants thereof: it shall be a jubilee unto you, and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family." *Lev. xxv, 10.* I think that this direction is quite reconcilable with the permission to buy of the Canaanites and the stranger such bondservants as they might want, and so long as these might continue in the land to be held for an inheritance for ever. The gentleman should also know that the enslavement of the greater portion of the Canaanites was not a personal slavery but a mere payment of tribute, and that many amongst them were equally powerful and equally wealthy as the Jews themselves, though they were not admitted to the same rights and privileges. I think I have now satisfactorily disposed of the scriptural part of the question, as drawn from the Old Testament. Not only is the old Testament appealed to by the defenders of slavery, but recourse is had to the New Testament to vindicate the present system of slavery in the colonies. The silence of Christianity is pleaded, and the conduct of the Apostles is pleaded as an extenuation, if not a vindication, of the continuance of slavery. Now I humbly submit that the principles and exhortations of the Apostles in the early ages of Christianity do not, in a strict sense, apply to colonial slavery in the present day. Let it be remembered that colonial slavery was not established till upwards of fifteen centuries after the introduction of the Christian religion, and that, therefore, the Apostles could not well lay down any express rules concerning it. The gentleman finds fault with us; he lays it to our charge, that we have not been Apostolic in the formation of Anti-slavery Associations, in traversing the country for the purpose of persuading and convincing the British nation that colonial slavery is criminal, and ought to be abolished in the British dominions. Surely the gentleman will not say that because there were no Anti-slavery Associations in the days of St. Paul, there ought to be none now? Why, there were no railroads in the days of St. Paul, and he might as well say that because there were no railroads in the days of St. Paul there ought to be none now, as say that because there were no Anti-slavery Societies in the days of St. Paul there ought to be none now. (*Laughter and applause.*) It is sufficient for us to know that all the doctrines, all the principles, and the genius of Christianity, are inimical to the system of colonial slavery, and that the great fundamental maxim of the Christian religion binds us to do unto others as we would that others should do unto us. (*Applause.*) We are not to be guided simply by the precept that servants are to be obedient to their masters, without considering the reciprocal duties which masters owe to their servants. One injunction laid upon him who is struck on the right cheek is, that he should turn his left also; but surely the advice given to the *smitten* is no justification to the *smiter*? Neither is the precept given to the slave any justification to the master for holding his fellow-man in a state of slavery. (*Loud applause.*) I have not time, Ladies and Gentlemen, to go into the other parts of the subject so fully as I could wish; I can merely glance at the points of defence. The alleged *inferiority* of the negro *has* been pleaded as a reason why he should not enjoy the same liberty as ourselves; but I believe that argument is not urged for the continuance of slavery at the present day; the opinion now

obtains to a very limited extent, and therefore I shall pass it over. Again, the danger of emancipation is insisted on as a reason for continuing to hold the slaves in bondage. I have endeavoured to expose the fallacy of this argument, and to show that the danger is all on the other side. What danger, Gentlemen, can there be from infants? What danger can there be from women? What danger can there be from the sick, the infirm, the aged? What danger can there be from the Christianized negroes, or from those who, we are told, are satisfied with their condition, and attached to their masters by the ties of affection and gratitude? The great danger arises from upholding a system of outrage and injustice; the great danger arises from oppression; the great danger arises from the continuance in a course of crime and impiety; and, as I said before, the danger of doing wrong is always considered greater in a well-regulated mind than the danger of doing right. (*Applause.*) The loss of the colonies is also alleged as a reason why we should not emancipate the slaves. But will any one inform us *how* we are to lose the colonies; where is the danger of losing our colonies? Do they mean to say that we shall take off our night caps some morning and find fifty fathoms of blue water over the colonies? Do they mean to say that some evil genius will run away with the colonies? (*Laughter and applause.*) How are we to lose the colonies? Who is it that threatens us with the loss of the colonies? Why, in Jamaica, some forty-two legislators disaffected towards the British Government, the greatest traitors in the islands, for it is not amongst the negroes that we are to look for traitors.—The negro slave owes no allegiance to the British Crown; he cannot be a rebel to the British Crown, for, where there is no protection, there is no allegiance. Who is a King? What is an act of Parliament? Why do kings govern, and princes decree justice? Who are senators, and who are magistrates? Who, but persons to whom power is committed in trust for the people? (*Loud applause.*) We owe no allegiance when no protection is extended to us; we do owe allegiance if protection be granted us, if our liberty is secured, our lives protected, and our property made safe, then we owe allegiance, and then we grant it; but what allegiance owes the slave in the colonies? None: there is not a clause in the constitution of the country which binds him to allegiance. It is a contradiction in terms to call a British slave a rebel. He cannot be a rebel. If you were unjustly confined in a room, would you call it an act of rebellion to slip out of the window, or even to break down the door and escape? What! rebellion against oppression! If it be rebellion, so much the more noble. He who is an enemy to slavery is said to be a brave man and a true; yet, when the negro seeks to shake off the shackles that bind him, he is called a rebel;—and speeches are made in the Liverpool Amphitheatre in justification of the gibbeting of the hapless slave. (*Applause.*) How are we to lose the colonies? It is replied, that the legislators of those colonies will give them to France or America. But are our friends quite *sure* that France or America would accept of them? It would be a beautiful item in the President's next speech to Congress, to tell them, that they were so much the greater, so much the happier, so much the more glorious, and a great many more good things, because they had got 500,000 slaves from the British. (*Laughter and applause.*) Why, the Americans are cursed with slavery themselves,—slavery is a millstone about their necks already,—they do not know what to do with the slaves they have in their own country, yet they would be made more great, more happy, more glorious and free, by the acquisition of 800,000 more slaves. Are our friends quite sure that Louis Philippe would accept the colonies on the terms which they will prescribe to him? It would be very admirable in him who lately assisted in the regeneration of his country's freedom, to tell the Chambers, at the opening of the next session, that he had consolidated their liberty and independence by the acquisition of all the British colonies in the West Indies, on the simple condition that slavery should continue. But how will they manage to give the colonies to France and America, even if France and



America should be disposed to accept them? It is the legislators of Jamaica and the other colonies that will do this. Who are those legislators? The most insignificant portion of the colonies—the most worthless portion of the colonies. Who are those men in red coats? British troops. And are the British troops paid to give the colonies to France and America, or to keep them for the British Crown? Who is the Governor? Is he not the King's representative? And is he to aid in giving the colonies to France and America? Who are those fifty or sixty thousand free coloured persons, who, on the part of themselves and their brethren, resolved, that if the Jamaica legislators came to such a determination, they should every man of them be hanged? Who are those 800,000 slaves? Will they, merely that France and America may be their masters, side with those worthy rogues in robes to rivet their own fetters the more securely? (*Loud applause.*) But there is another argument why they should not give the colonies to France and America, an argument which would convict them of equal imbecility and ingratitude if they did so, supposing it to be in their power,—interest,—interest will bind them to England. Did you ever know a sucking calf run away from its mother? Did you ever know a sucking pig run away from its venerable parent? (*Laughter.*) Never; and the colonial gentlemen are not such sucking calves, they are not such sucking pigs as to run away from England. By whom were they swaddled? England. By whom were they defended? England. By whom were they fed? England. By whom were they nurtured? England. Who bought them clothes? England. And who protected them? England. And yet they are going to *run away* from England. Why, their vapourings and their threats resemble nothing more or less than a storm in a slop basin. (*Much laughter.*) This is the most contemptible vapouring in the world, on the part of a set of men who do nothing but smoke cigars and drink sangaree, and yet are going to give the colonies to France or America.

But what a dangerous thing it would be to lose the colonies after all! It would not save us more than three or four millions a year! It would only save us a vast amount of money, a vast amount of guilt, and a vast amount of dishonour! If the loss of the colonies were to be the consequence of emancipation, that would be to many the strongest argument in the world why they should prosecute immediate emancipation. Then it is said we shall lose our trade, and that of our colonists will be ruined if we grant emancipation. Now my honourable opponent knows as well as I do, that the cry of distress on the part of the West Indian proprietors is not a *new cry*. That it was uttered years and years ago, long before the abolition of the slave trade was thought of, long before the Anti-slavery Society was instituted, and yet he and his party wish to lay all this distress at the door of No. 18, Aldermanbury. (*Laughter and applause.*) We cause it they say, and we must bear all the sins committed by the West Indians and the persons connected with them. Now bankruptcy, insolvency, and beggary are the order of the day,—alas! have long been so; a blight and a mildew have long been over the colonies,—bankruptcy and distress are no new cries. On this subject I will give you the testimony of Lord Goderich; in a despatch addressed to the Earl of Belmore, Governor of Jamaica, and dated June 6, 1831, his Lordship says:—

“The existence of severe commercial distress amongst all classes of society connected with the West Indies is unhappily but too evident. Yet what is the just inference from this admitted fact? Not, certainly, that the proprietary body should yield themselves to despair, and thus render the evil incurable; but rather that we should deliberately retrace the steps of that policy which has had so disastrous an issue. Without denying the concurrence of many causes towards the result which we all so much deplore, it is obvious that the great and permanent source of that distress, which almost every page of the history of the West Indies records, is to be found in the INSTITUTION OF SLAVERY. It is vain to hope for long continued prosperity in any country in which the people are not dependant on their own voluntary industry for their support; in which labour is not prompted by legitimate motives, and does not earn its natural reward; in which the land and its cultivators are habitually purchased and sold on credit; and in which the management of that property is almost invariably confided by an

*absent proprietary, to resident agents or to mortgagers, who are proprietors only in name.* Without presuming to censure individuals for the share they may have taken in maturing this system, I cannot but regard the system itself as the *perennial spring* of those distresses of which, not at present merely, but during the whole of the last fifty years, the complaints have been so frequent and so just. Regarding the present orders as a measured and cautioned, but at the same time a decided, advance towards the ultimate extinction of slavery, I must, on that account, regard it as tending to the cure of the pecuniary embarrassments which it is said to enhance."

Here, then, we have it announced by no less a person than Lord Goderich himself, that the perennial spring of distress in the colonies is the system of slavery itself, and that the proprietary body, warned by the history of the past, should retrace their steps and go back to those natural and just foundations of commerce on which alone security and prosperity can be built. The Honourable Gentleman will also remember that Lord Belmore, in his farewell speech on leaving Jamaica, addressed to the gentlemen resident there, declared to them that they could never look for prosperity so long as the institution of slavery prevailed. (*Hear, hear.*)

Then there is the knotty question of compensation: on this question I have only one word to say. My only objection to compensation is, that it should be mixed up with the measure of emancipation. I hold most sacredly and seriously that we should take into consideration the rights of the negro irrespective of the rights of the colonists; that is, we should first consider the rights of 800,000 living human beings, and then consider the rights of the planters. I have no objection to compensation as an after consideration; and as the gentleman on the other side stated that the planters only require compensation if it be found impossible to obtain an equal amount of labour under a free system, with that which was obtained under the slave system, I am quite willing to grant compensation to the full extent of that principle, whenever a loss can be made out before a committee of impartial individuals. (*Applause.*) But, I fear, the true grounds of their opposition to us on this question are,—first, a love of power, inherited and cherished by those connected with the West India system;—and in the second place, it is very natural that a body of men so powerful and respectable as the West Indian body should be extremely jealous and irritable with respect to any interference with what they consider their rightful and legitimate property: from the number of conflicting claims it is, therefore, evident that the planters cannot grant emancipation; the merchants cannot grant emancipation; the mortgagee cannot grant emancipation; the overseers cannot grant emancipation; and that nothing but a legislative measure on the subject, passed by the British Parliament, can settle this question. (*Applause.*) If it be referred to a body of men who cannot determine it, inasmuch as they have not sole and exclusive authority over the colonies, nothing but an enactment on the part of the British Government will be sufficient to reconcile the conflicting claims which now oppose the measure of negro emancipation. This honourable gentleman and the other honourable gentleman, committed as they have been for so many years, are not likely to give up their opinions without a struggle; this struggle must take place within the walls of Parliament, and it will be a very different one from what it would have been some dozen years ago, or from what it really was forty years ago. *Note* the negro is allowed to be a human being; it is now admitted that he may possibly enter into rivalry with ourselves; that he may possibly rise to honour, fame, independence, and a deathless fame; it is now granted that he ought to have freedom, and it is only urged that he should wait awhile till certain proud and interested persons are convinced of its propriety, and consent to enter into the investigation. Though there is still a great gulf between us, we come much nearer to each other than we did some years ago.

The West Indians lay it to our charge that we are actuated by interested motives. Why then does he hiss? Is it not as meritorious to plead for liberty for the Ethiopian as to send a squadron to bombard Algiers and liberate our countrymen

motives in seeking emancipation for the negro; but they are the very last persons in the world that should lay such a thing to our charge. What, is it the people of England who are interested in the perpetuation of slavery? And are the members of the Anti-slavery Society the only persons interested in its abolition? Surely the West Indian merchants, West Indian brokers, West Indian mortgagees, should be the last persons in the world to lay to our charge, that we are influenced by interested motives. These persons, in consequence of continued indulgence in the system, are, to a certain extent, blinded to its horrors, inured to its aggravating circumstances; and, therefore, there are not in a condition to constitute a jury for the discussion of the present question. (*Applause.*) I shall now, Ladies and Gentlemen, lay before you quotations from Blackstone and Paley, to show that the system of colonial slavery is perfectly *unnatural*, that it was never sanctioned by the British constitution, or by a British Parliament. The right has always been assumed, and then laws enacted upon that assumption; the right to hold a man in slavery has never been acknowledged by the Constitution; it has never been recognised by the Constitution: at the present moment it is contrary to the Constitution of our country to hold a man in slavery. (“*We are all slaves!*”) What do you mean by “we are all slaves,” Sir? (*Applause and laughter.*) Blackstone, in vol. i, page 125 of his work, says:—

“The absolute rights of man, considered as a free agent, endowed with discernment to know good from evil, and with power of choosing those measures which appear to him to be most desirable, are usually summed up in one general appellation, and denominated the natural liberty of mankind. This natural liberty consists properly in a power of acting as one thinks fit, without any restraint or control, unless by the law of nature; being a right inherent in us by birth, and one of the gifts of God to man at his creation, when he endued him with the faculty of free will.”

Again, at page 54:—

“Those rights, then, which God and nature have established, and are, therefore, called natural rights,—such as are life and liberty, need not the aid of human laws to be more effectually invested in every man than they are; neither do they receive any additional strength when declared by the municipal laws to be inviolable. On the contrary, no human legislature has power to abridge or destroy them, unless the owner shall himself commit some act that amounts to a forfeiture.”

And again, at page 124:—

“Hence it follows, that the first and primary end of human laws is to maintain and regulate these *absolute* rights of individuals.”

Now, if we can show that instead of our laws guarding the rights and liberties of the negro, they absolutely deprive him of those rights and liberties, why then those laws are no laws to him,—they are unrighteous laws, and the slave, when he tramples them under his foot, behaves like an Englishman,—and he who gibbets him for it is a murderer and a felon. (*Cheers and hisses.*) I hear a hiss; what would the man who hisses, say if he were unjustly imprisoned, deprived of his liberty, his off-spring, and his life, by laws which never protected him? (*Cries of “Serve him right, turn him out.”*) If instead of turning him out you would turn him nearer, that we might see him, that we might learn who he is and where he lives, and who it is that pays him his wages on Saturday night. (*Laughter and applause.*) That we might know what he is made of. That we might look into his heart; we should find out who are our opponents, whether they deserve to be respected as lovers of their kind, or to be despised as men who would monopolize liberty to themselves, and deny it to the rest of the world. (*Applause.*) Paley, speaking of the natural rights of men, says,

“The natural rights of man are, a man’s right to his life, limbs, and liberty; his right to the produce of his personal labour; to the use, in common with others, of air, light, water. If a thousand different persons, from a thousand different corners of the world were cast together upon a desert island, they would from the first be every one entitled to these rights.”

Is there any thing to hiss at here? Does not the man who hisses know that if he were in bondage we would plead his cause, we would ask liberty for him? there? Is it not as meritorious to plead the cause of the African as it is to sympathize with the insulted and degraded Poles? Should not the liberty of Africa

I esteemed a man as that of Columbia or Mexico. Should not a Gardner and a Sharpe, fighting for freedom, be as much venerated as a Brutus at Rome, a Bolivar in Columbia, or a Byron in Greece? I say yes, however much you may sneer at my comparison, for the negro struggles to free himself from a yoke more galling than that of the Greek, or the Roman, or the captives of the Turk. (*Applause and laughter.*) There would be no hearing it this sentiment were propounded from the hustings at a popular election, and spoken of respecting any other than the negro. Then it would be, "O what a patriotic candidate! He shall have my vote. (*Laughter.*) When we utter these sentiments with regard to the negro you hiss; but is not the negro a man as well as yourselves? If you killed a negro would it not be murder as much as if you killed a white man? (*Applause.*) What, then, is it our duty to do? I come back to the original object which I stated we had in view, which is the immediate and total abolition of colonial slavery. What do we mean by immediate? Why, that immediate steps should be taken for its abolition, in opposition to what is called gradual emancipation, which means no emancipation at all. If I told a builder to-night to build me a house to-morrow morning, should I expect to see the coping stones and chimneys up to-morrow morning? No; but I should expect to see him getting materials, laying the foundation, arranging the scaffolding, and going on, from day to day, in the prosecution of the work. If a man were awake in the night, and told to go immediately for a physician, would he go without putting on his clothes? Would he transport himself by some magical effort to the place whither he was told to go immediately? No! In like manner we would take the necessary steps to secure the abolition of slavery. Others would *temporise*, propose modifications of the system, and do what they can to perpetuate it. "Wait a little time," say they; never mind how mercy bleeds, or justice frowns, how the negro suffers, or the Englishman petitions,—do it gradually, yes, do it gradually. I wonder what they mean by gradually? When will gradual emancipation arrive? I remember an anecdote told of Charles James Fox, who, when in power, was very deeply in debt; he had a secretary, named Hare; and "like master like man," both were up to the ears in embarrassment. Mr. Fox looking one morning out at the window saw coming up the street an old money-lending Jew to whom both were indebted. "Well, Solomon," said he, "what are you after this morning? Are you Fox-hunting or Hare-hunting?" "Why, for the matter of that," said the Jew, "I am both Fox-hunting and Hare-hunting; I want both; I want my money." "You must wait, Solomon," said Mr. Fox. "I cannot wait," said the Jew; "I want my money;—have I not a right to my money?" "Certainly, Solomon; you have a right to your money, Solomon—a most undoubted right," said Solomon; "but it is inconvenient to me to let you have it now; you can call again, Solomon; come on such a day." The Jew went accordingly, and again the answer was,—“Wait, Solomon; both Mr. Hare and myself are so deeply involved in business that we have not time to attend to the settlement of your account;—call again, Solomon.” Solomon went again, and still the answer was, “Wait, Solomon.” “I cannot wait,” said Solomon at last. “I will not wait a day longer than your next appointment.” “Well, then,” said Mr. Fox, “suppose we say, Solomon—the day of judgment, Solomon.” “Oh!” said the Jew, “that will be far too busy and important a day for the settlement of your account.” “Well, then,” said Mr. Fox, still determined to be fatiguing,—suppose, Solomon, we say the day after!” (*Laughter.*) This is exactly the line of argument pursued by our friends on the opposite side—"Wait till the day of judgment,—wait till the day after,—but don't do it now!" "Why not do it now?" "Oh, there are the poor, the infirm, the old, and the young!" "Well, are not the poor, the infirm, the old, and the young, provided for now?" And would there not still be the same fund for their support, though it should come in another shape, and through another channel? (*Hear, hear.*) Were the poor of England worse provided for when there were no poor laws than they are now? Would it be any worse for the



planters to maintain the old, the infirm, and the young, than it is to maintain them now? Is there not wisdom enough in the British Parliament to make some arrangements for the maintenance of these poor old men, and old women, and young children? Are the planters the only persons in the world who can give the negroes four parlours and a saloon, and carry them wine when they want it?

My friends,—We are warned to do this work; every motive that can influence the human mind calls upon us to do it, to do it *now*, not to lose an hour in the performance of this solemn duty. If hurricanes or tornadoes could warn us, we have had them; if insurrections and bloodshed could warn us, we have had them; if the tremendous mortality amongst the negroes could warn us, that mortality is ever before our eyes; if the depreciation of West Indian property could warn us, that depreciation we have seen and daily see; and even whilst I speak a blight and mildew cover every part of the system, and nothing but retracing our steps can bring back peace, security, and prosperity, to the colonies. (*Loud applause.*)

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I will not longer take up your time to-night. The subject is not yet exhausted, though my strength is entirely gone. As I understand that the gentleman who has already appeared twice before you is again to address you, I may ask on his behalf what I asked on my own, that you will hear him patiently. If I myself offered him any interruption, when he last appeared before you, and when he alluded to the philanthropic gentleman “whose name is a synonyme for every thing that is noble in a British merchant and honourable in a man,” remember the impression which that statement was calculated to produce, had it gone forth from this platform uncontradicted and unexplained. It was said that I declined to lecture before that gentleman, when, if the truth had been told, it would have appeared that my sole objection to lecturing before a chairman of the West India body, an objection stated in the most handsome terms I could devise, was an apprehension of being compelled to say, in the course of my lecture, what might be thought to do violence to the feelings of the chairman. (*Applause.*) As I came to Liverpool uninfluenced by any particular body, I thought I had a right to consult my own feelings on the subject, and, therefore, I claimed for the sake of my own feelings and those of the Chairman, that we might have a disinterested person in the chair. (*Applause.*) But when I found that persisting in such determination might in the least degree disturb the harmony between the two bodies, I instantly acceded to their wishes, and expressed my perfect willingness to lecture with Mr. Horsfall, or any other gentleman as Chairman on the occasion. (*Cheers.*) This led me to request that the letter might be read; and as the letter was alluded to on this platform in a manner calculated to prejudice me in the opinion of the meeting, I think it ought to have been read in order that the auditory might be in possession of the facts. (*Applause.*) And I cannot but accuse the Chairman on that occasion of something like reservation in withholding that fact from the audience when he well knew that it was not from cowardice that I objected to lecture before him, but a regard for his own feelings as a gentleman, whom I honour from the character I have heard of him; but I still say that to sit in that chair and not give the whole truth to the auditory was an act of reservation which does little honour either to his head or his heart. (*Cheers.*)

Ladies and Gentlemen,—I have now done; I leave the cause in your hands. I believe our treaty with the West India body is nearly at an end. I have only further to say, hear patiently, judge candidly, consider deliberately, and then decide between us; and say whether the arguments adduced for the continuance of slavery, or mine for its abolition, are the strongest. If mine, speak with one heart and with one voice, and declare it for ever at an end.

Mr. Thompson concluded his address at a little after nine o'clock, amidst the loudest cheering and clapping of hands, and the audience soon afterwards quietly separated.





